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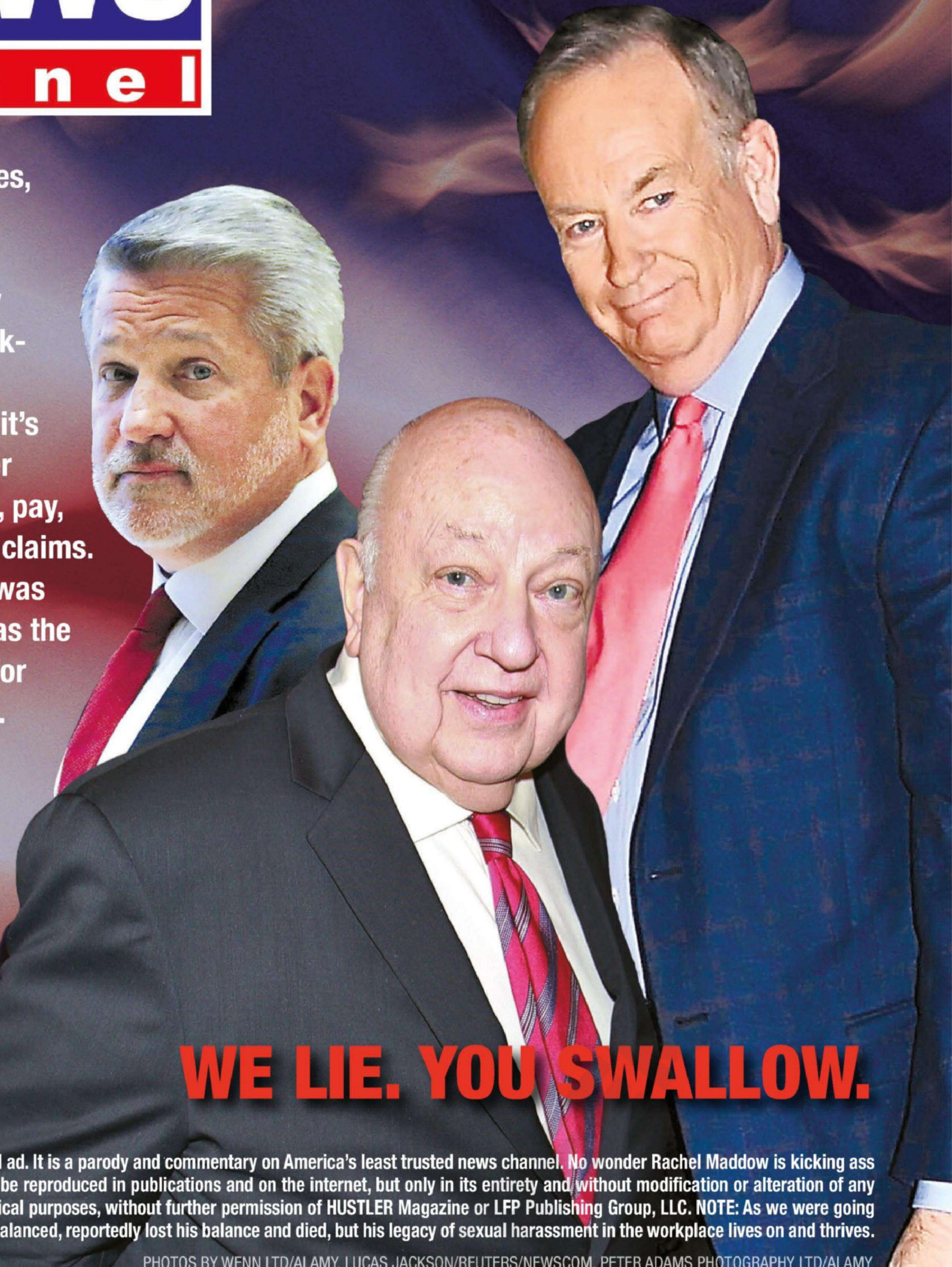

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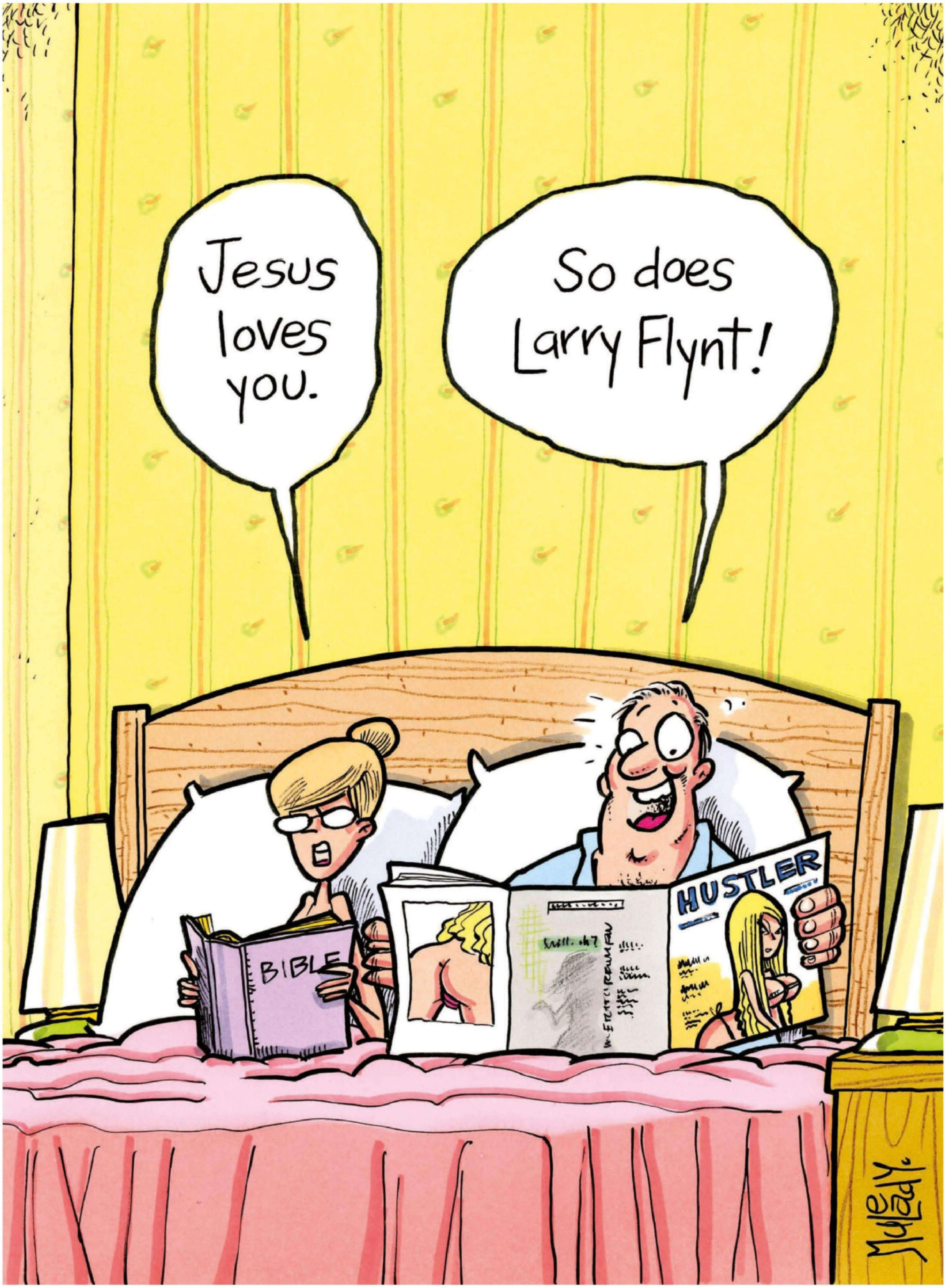
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SEPTEMBER 2017
Volume 44 Number 4
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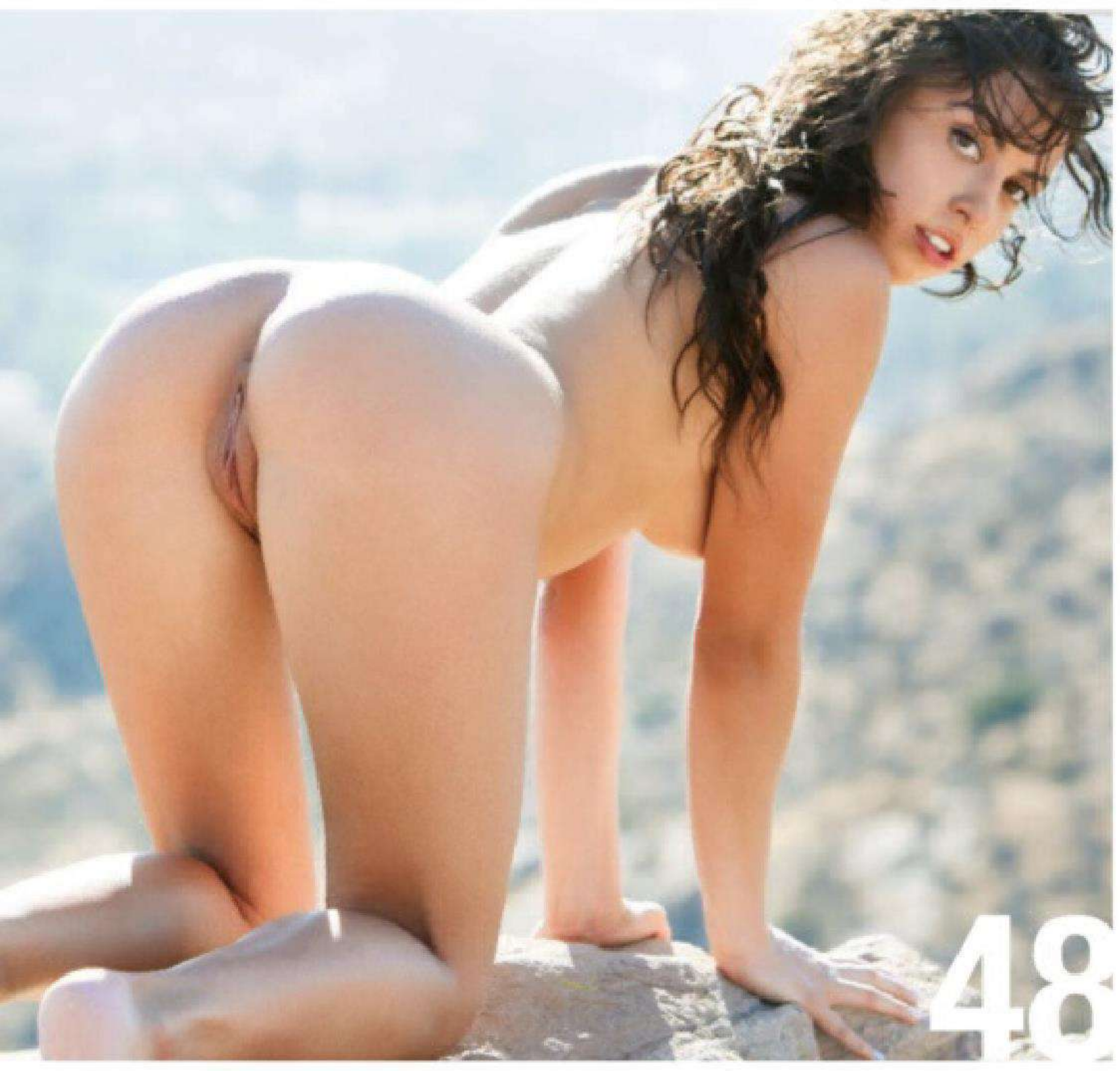

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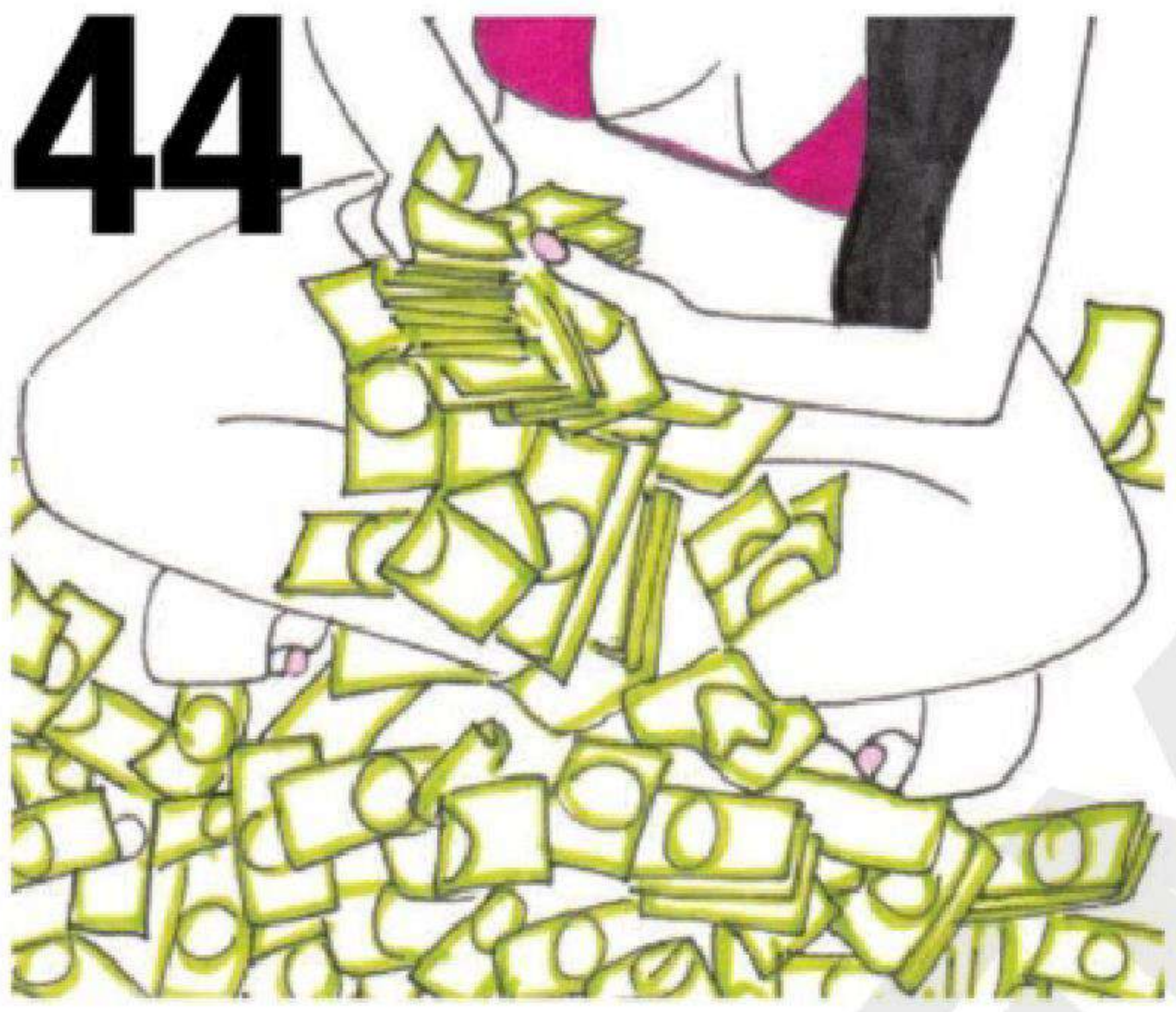

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Cover photo by Tammy Sands
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TRUMP STUFFS HIS OWN POCKETS

America has one of the largest wealth-inequality gaps in the world, and it's about to grow even larger under Trump's proposed tax plan.

The king of the loopholes wants to slash the corporate tax rate from 35% to 15% and apply that rate to "pass-throughs," guaranteeing that his nearly 500 businesses would benefit—to the tune of $65 million per year, according to some estimates. Of course it would also fatten the take of daughter Ivanka and son-in-law Jared Kushner, whose 200-plus businesses are worth approximately $740 million.

With so much money at stake in so many countries throughout the world, it's unavoidable that everything the Trumps and Kushner do in the name of the United States will affect their business investments. Do you really think they are going to impose sanctions on the Philippines, Saudi Arabia or Turkey, no matter how badly their leaders behave, when those countries could easily retaliate against Trump-branded properties within their borders? The Trumps and Kushner are fundamentally business people, and no matter how many trusts are set up, they can't help but keep one greedy eye on their own bottom line.

In yet another nod to his fellow fat plutocrats, the President wants to completely repeal the estate tax levied against only the richest 0.2% of Americans. That means his whole well-heeled clan would pay no tax at all when they inherit his huge empire. Zilch. It's exactly the kind of aristocratic dynasty the Founding Fathers wanted to prevent.

Meanwhile, he plans to spend billions and billions more on the military and the Great Wall of Mexico, blowing up the national debt to astronomical heights. But don't worry, Trump and his Goldman Sachs deputies tell us, economic growth will make up for all of the lost government revenue. Like the virgin birth of Christ, it's a myth that Republicans always cite with hand over heart.

The whole plan is nothing less than voodoo economics 2.0. Where does this leave the unemployed desperadoes in the Rust Belt who voted for him, thinking he was on the side of Main Street instead of Wall Street? With another episode of trickle-down economics. While Trump and his affluent family and cronies rake in the gold, the 99% will be left standing in a shit shower. How many times do we have to be sold this old bull before we stop buying it?

Larry Flynt

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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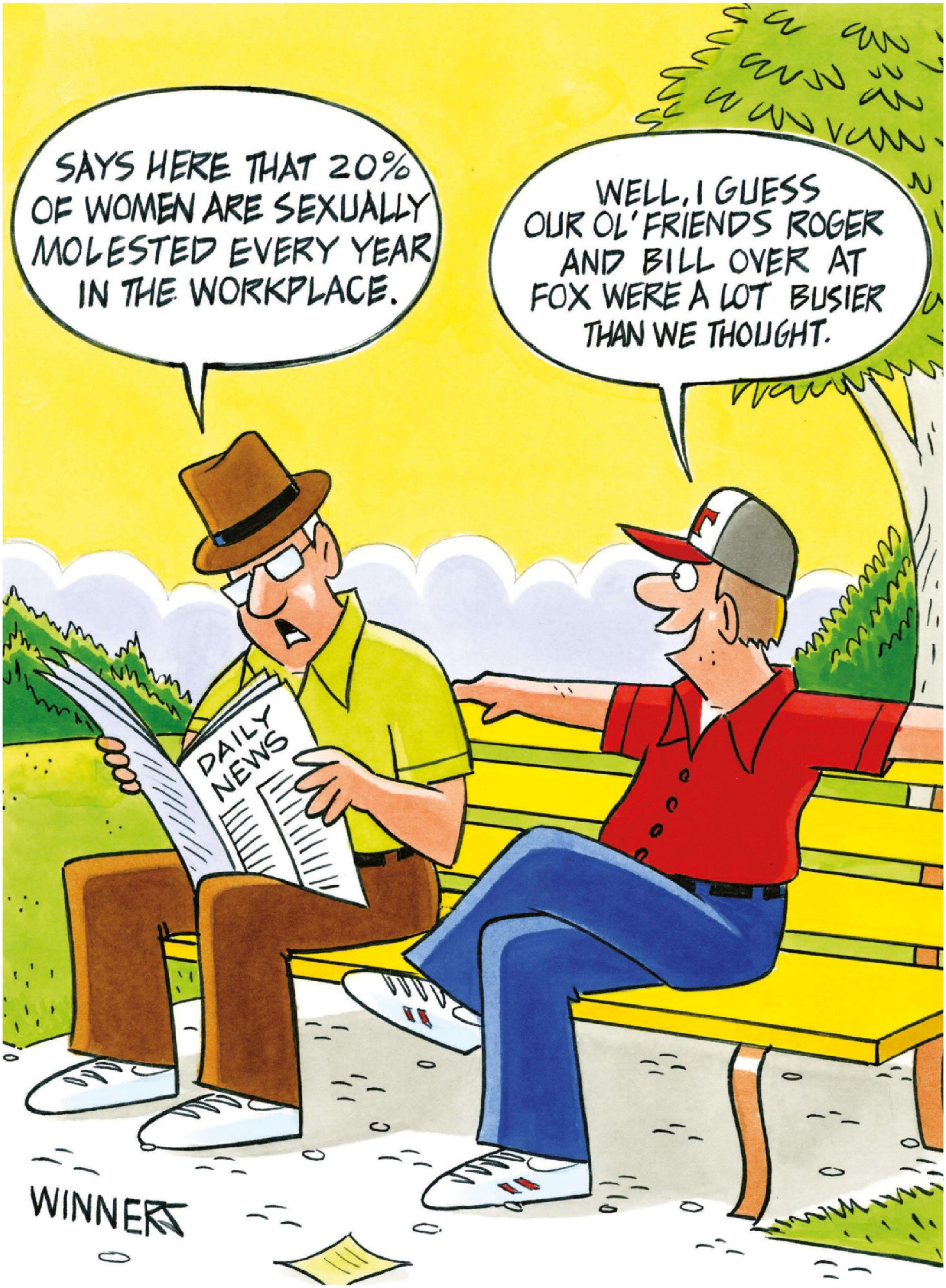

SAYS HERE THAT 20% OF WOMEN ARE SEXUALLY MOLESTED EVERY YEAR IN THE WORKPLACE.
WELL, I GUESS OUR OL' FRIENDS ROGER AND BILL OVER AT FOX WERE A LOT BUSIER THAN WE THOUGHT.
DAILY NEWS
WINNER

COMMON SENSE

THE FATE OF THE WORLD DEPENDS ON ARMS-CONTROL NEGOTIATONS!

President Donald Trump's laundry list of horrors—from bashing immigrants to exacerbating climate change to undermining women's rights—all deserve to be condemned. But the one keeping me up at night is Trump's power to end all human life on this planet in a matter of hours simply by pressing the nuclear-strike button with that finger he's always pointing in anger.

Call me paranoid, but I wrote a book on the nuclear-war threat (*With Enough Shovels*) and had previously raised that subject as a *Los Angeles Times* correspondent when Ronald Reagan was President and flirting with Alzheimer's. I also was the first U.S. print journalist to visit the USSR's Chernobyl nuclear power plant following the reactor meltdown in 1986. During my inspection, 11 months after the disaster, the plant was still radioactively smoldering.

Chernobyl was not a weapon designed to obliterate everything in its path, but rather an example of a "peaceful" and presumably highly controlled harnessing of atomic energy in what is now Ukraine. The once-productive landscape remains largely uninhabitable and barren.

Nuclear weapons, as opposed to nuclear power plants, are designed to vaporize innocent civilians on a massive scale. Outside of that, they are lousy weapons for strictly military purposes.

There were no significant military targets in Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945, when warplanes dropped the two cutely named A-bombs "Fat Man" and "Little Boy" on the two Japanese cities during broad daylight to maximize the number of civilian dead. Particularly heinous was the large number of children on their way to school.

The unprecedented use of atomic weapons, to ostensibly end World War II sooner, was ordered by an *American* President, Harry Truman. As opposed to the current occupant of the White House, Truman was generally perceived as a common-sense sort of fellow. Then came "Fat Man" and "Little Boy."

To make the point that Truman's order triggered the most egregious acts of terrorism in human history, let me quote a postwar mayor of Hiroshima. At the city's annual memorial service in 2007, Tadatoshi Akiba recalled the horrors of a nuclear blast: "That fateful summer, 8:15 a.m. The roar of a B-29 breaks the morning calm. A parachute opens in the blue sky. Then suddenly, a flash, an enormous blast—silence—hell on Earth. The eyes of young girls watching the parachute were melted. Their faces became giant charred blisters. The skin of people seeking help dangled from their fingernails.... Others died when their eyeballs and internal organs burst from their bodies. Hiroshima was a hell where those who somehow survived envied the dead."

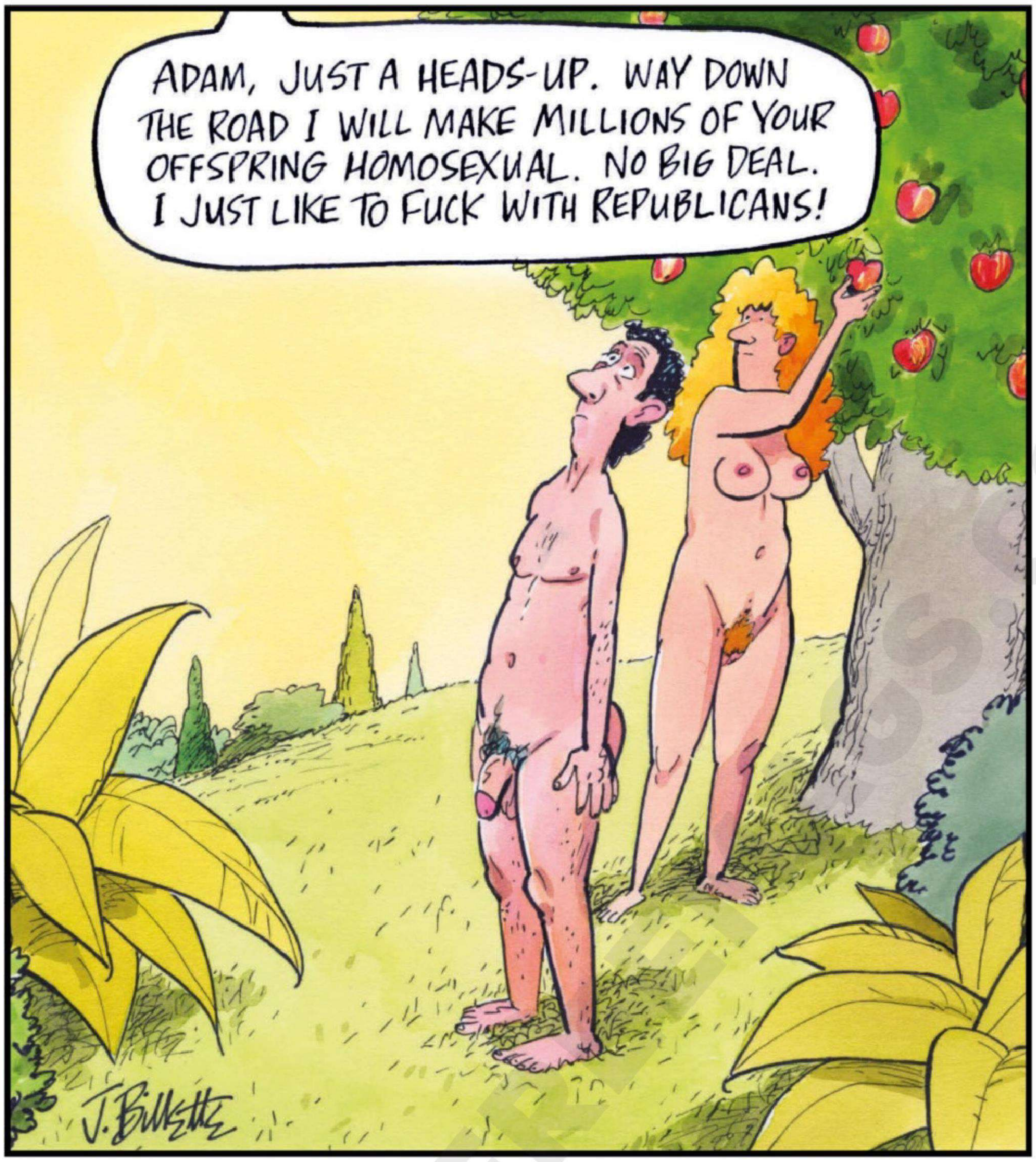
The dead would ultimately number over 220,000 from both bombs, and remember that these were low-yield atomic weapons. The United States and Russia each currently possess about 7,000 hydrogen bombs, which are much more destructive. That is enough firepower to kill every living thing on Earth except for a few radioactive cockroaches.

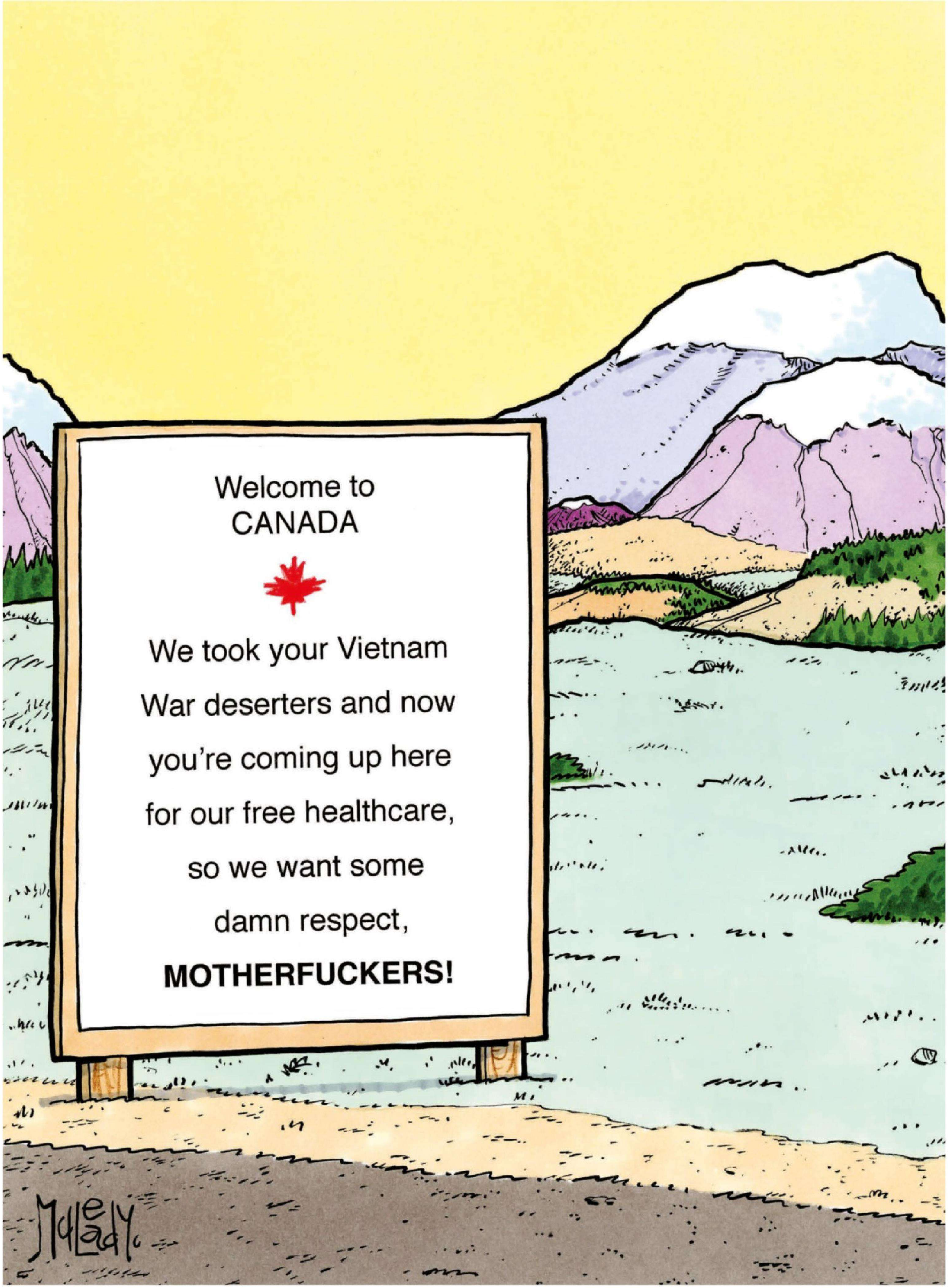
Those massive arsenals are still on hair-trigger alert to be launched by Donald Trump or Vladimir Putin. What begs the question is why that hair-trigger firing mechanism, stashed in suitcases that accompany the two intemperate characters around the clock, has been retained for decades after the madness of the Cold War. Near-launches, most notably during the Cuban Missile Crisis, have been chronicled for half a century, as well as the incapacity of U.S. and Russian leaders due to mental illness, drugs or alcohol abuse.

We should have been plenty scared enough already to institute better controls, such as the requirement of Congressional approval before launching nukes, but we haven't. Now we had better be very concerned about another catastrophic nuclear incident, particularly with a President known for his angry tweets fired off by a hair-trigger temper.

Here's my final point: The Democrats, media and other critics should stop bugging Trump about being too cozy with Putin and the Russians. This will only goad him to provoke Putin to prove his own resolve and independence. We should instead urge our President—nay, beg him—to use whatever line he has to Putin to get arms-control negotiations back on track. The fate of the world depends upon it.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*


ADAM, JUST A HEADS-UP. WAY DOWN THE ROAD I WILL MAKE MILLIONS OF YOUR OFFSPRING HOMOSEXUAL. NO BIG DEAL. I JUST LIKE TO FUCK WITH REPUBLICANS!


Welcome to
CANADA
We took your Vietnam War deserters and now you're coming up here for our free healthcare, so we want some damn respect,
MOTHERFUCKERS!
McLeady

HEIST OF THE CENTURY

IN 2000 THE SUPREME COURT STOLE THE PRESIDENCY FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. THE GOP HAS NOW RETURNED THE FAVOR.

As legend has it, after Roger Maris topped Babe Ruth's home-run record in 1961, an asterisk was placed next to Maris's name in Major League Baseball's record books. Why? Because the unpopular slugger's 61 round-trippers broke the beloved Bambino's record during a season that had been extended from 154 games to 162. Never mind that Maris, as sportswriter Allen Barra pointed out, "hit his 60th home run in his 684th plate appearance, while it took Ruth 689."

In fact, the Maris asterisk is a myth. There never was one, since Major League Baseball didn't start keeping its own "official" records until the mid-1990s. That step came too late for Maris, who never got over how fans and scribes reviled him. At the 1980 All-Star Game, five years before his death, he lamented, "They acted as though I was doing something wrong, poisoning the record books or something."

Maris didn't deserve such shoddy treatment. However, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Neil Gorsuch* does. Following my lead, historians should add an asterisk whenever his name is written. His legacy and the legacy of the Court itself have now been poisoned by the blatant Republican theft of the seat he occupies.

Within an hour after confirmation of Justice Antonin Scalia's death in February 2016, as Democrats were offering condolences to Scalia's family, Republican Mitch McConnell made a shocking announcement. The U.S. Senate Majority Leader declared that he would not permit then-President Barack Obama to fill the vacant seat. Such a challenge was unprecedented in U.S. history.

Had Obama been allowed to replace Scalia, per the U.S. Constitution, the balance of the Court would have flipped from a decades-long 5-4 majority of Republican appointees to a 5-4 Democratic majority. So McConnell—by hook, crook or both—vowed to keep that from happening. "The American people should have a voice in the selection of their next Supreme Court Justice," McConnell insisted, ignoring that the American people had already selected Obama for a second four-year term. "Therefore, this vacancy should not be filled until we have a new President."

Despite Obama's nomination of the extremely qualified centrist Merrick Garland, McConnell did what had never been done before. He wouldn't allow so much as a Senate hearing for the nominee, much less an up-or-down vote. With control of the Senate, Republicans could have gone through the motions and then simply voted against Garland, chief judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals-District of Columbia Circuit. But that would have been entirely too honest for the party that has now managed to break all three branches of government.

Holding Scalia's seat open for an unprecedented year wasn't enough. Once President Trump nominated Gorsuch*, McConnell also had to kill the Senate filibuster rule requiring that Supreme Court nominees receive at least 60 out of 100 votes to end debate on confirmation. Since Gorsuch* couldn't get that many, McConnell changed the rules to allow for a simple majority vote.

McConnell and the Republicans' theft was completed in April. That's when Gorsuch*—who received a much-too-fair hearing from Republican and Democratic senators—was sworn in to the stolen seat on the stolen Supreme Court of the United States, which now merits an asterisk next to every stolen majority ruling.

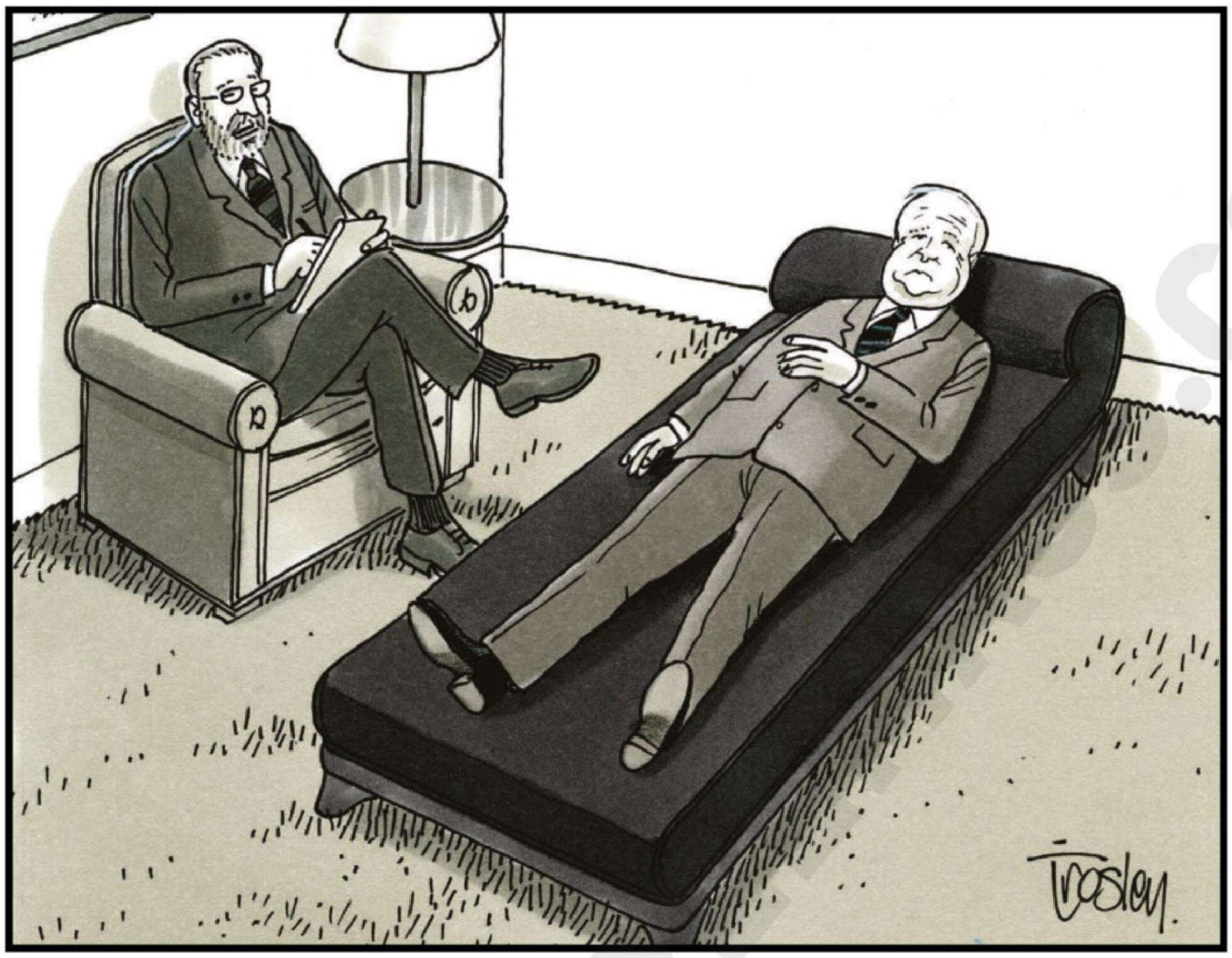
As to the "voice" of the people, more Americans voted for Hillary Clinton, rather than Donald Trump, to be our new President and therefore entitled to make Supreme Court appointments. On the day that McConnell nuked the filibuster to force Gorsuch* through, I spoke with Ian Millhiser, the author of *Injustices: The Supreme Court's History of Comforting the Comfortable and Afflicting the Afflicted*. Millhiser told me, "The bloc of Democrats [in the Senate] who voted against Gorsuch* represents more than 53% of the nation. So the only reason this guy is going to be on the Supreme Court is because a President who lost the popular vote by nearly 3 million votes nominated him, and a group of senators who represent a minority of the country are going to vote to confirm him. It's absolutely a stolen seat."

Mark Joseph Stern, a legal reporter for Slate.com, concurred: "This is not how Congress is supposed to function. It is the quintessence of dysfunction, because it takes a Constitutional dictate that 'the Senate shall provide advice and consent,' and it just obliterates it, now and forever.... [The seat] was stolen. And it makes the Court, in a lot of ways, illegitimate from here on out."

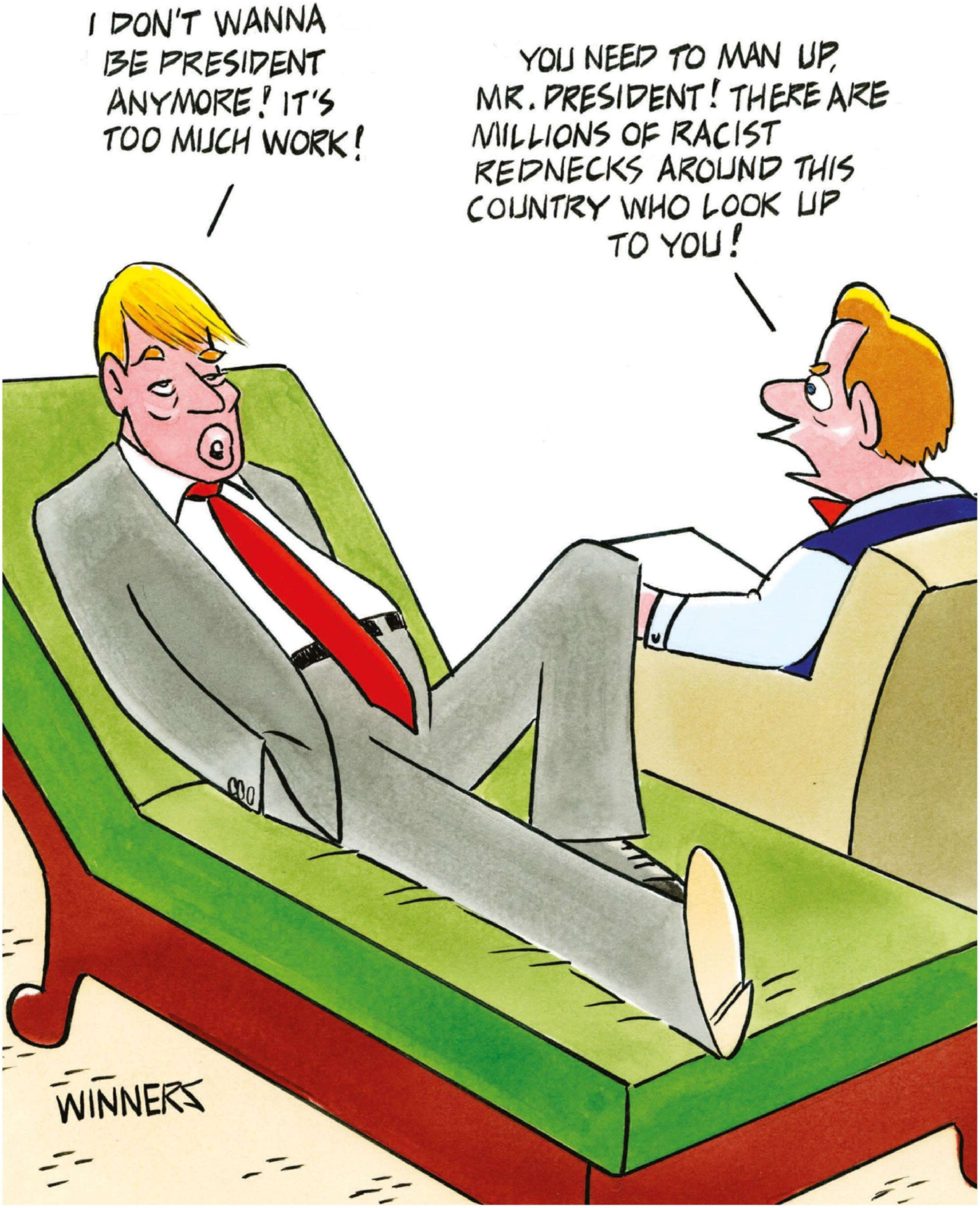
Roger Maris went to his grave believing his home-run record was tainted. It wasn't. The records of Mitch McConnell, Neil Gorsuch* and the Republicans who played along with their scam, on the other hand, will forever be tainted—along with a U.S. Supreme Court that will remain afflicted for generations.

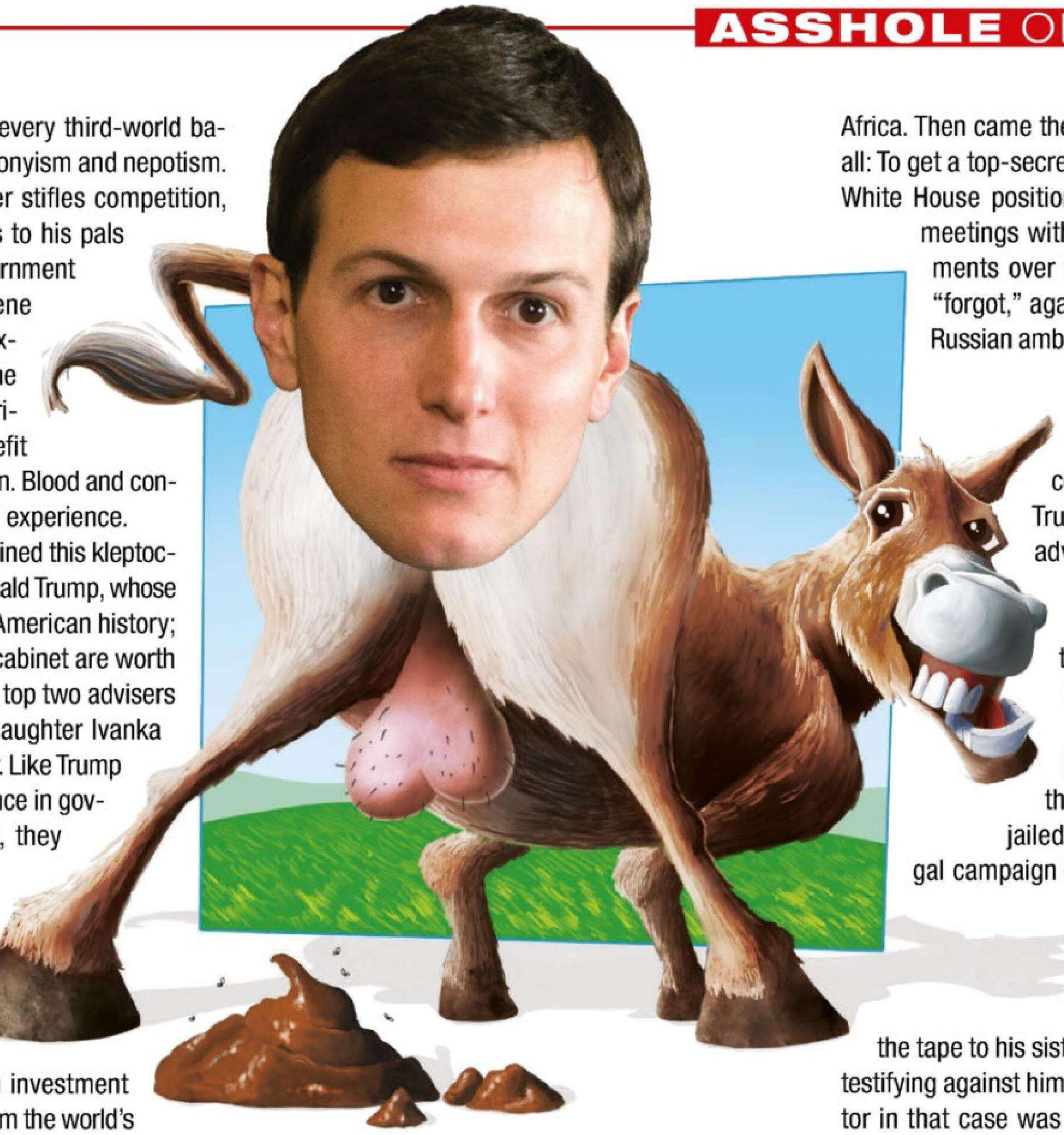
In 2000 the Court stole the Presidency for Republicans. In 2016, in the second-greatest political coup in our country's history, Republicans expanded the season into 2017, stepped up to the plate and returned the favor. And, unlike Maris, they had to cheat, repeatedly, to do it.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"That's ridiculous, Senator McCain. You still have lots more useless years left in you!"


I DON'T WANNA BE PRESIDENT ANYMORE! IT'S TOO MUCH WORK!
YOU NEED TO MAN UP, MR. PRESIDENT! THERE ARE MILLIONS OF RACIST REDNECKS AROUND THIS COUNTRY WHO LOOK UP TO YOU!
WINNERS



JARED KUSHNER

The standard practice in every third-world banana republic is gross cronyism and nepotism. The big honcho in power stifles competition, ladling out monopoly contracts to his pals and hiring relatives for key government positions, guaranteeing obscene fortunes for his tribe at the expense of the general public. The whole nation is turned into a private mega-corporation to benefit the supreme leader's kith and kin. Blood and connection trump competence and experience.

Unfortunately, the USA has joined this kleptocracy club with the election of Donald Trump, whose administration is the richest in American history; combined, his senior staff and cabinet are worth a whopping $12 billion. And his top two advisers are none other than his own daughter Ivanka and her husband, Jared Kushner. Like Trump himself, both have zero experience in government, and also like Trump, they have vast international business investments that pose massive conflicts of interest.

Jared and Ivanka's business empire is worth about $740 million, mainly real estate holdings fueled by foreign investment and billions of dollars in loans from the world's biggest financial service firms. Back in March, Kushner divulged most of his assets along with a plan to step down from direct management of more than 200 different businesses. But that's just window dressing. "He is still financially benefiting from how the businesses do," says Larry Noble, former general counsel and chief ethics officer for the Federal Election Commission. "Given his level in the White House and broad portfolio, it's hard to see how he will recuse himself from everything that may impact his financial interest."

Ivanka's stake in the Trump International Hotel in the heart of D.C. is worth between $5 million and $25 million, and it's a foregone conclusion that foreign officials and special-interest lobbyists will probably stay there to curry favor with the First Family. Ivanka also appeared in a 2012 ad promoting the Trump Hotel in the Philippines, which might explain Trump's recent butt-kissing of murderous Philippine strongman Rodrigo Duterte. Trump swoons over bloody assholes like Duterte, Vladimir Putin and Egyptian dictator el-Sisi—especially if he and Kushner own properties in their countries—and gnashes his teeth every day over the constitutional checks and balances that impede his own dictatorial instincts.

But the real keystone in the Kushner Companies' empire is a giant office tower in Manhattan at 666 Fifth Avenue (yes, a "mark of the beast" address) that has seen better days. When Trump snagged the Republican nomination last year, the Chinese came calling on Kushner, offering to invest billions to refurbish the old office tower. It appeared to be a naked ploy to get in on Trump's good side after all his China bashing during the campaign: "We bail out goofy son-in-law—you forget Taiwan and do not start trade war!" The proposed deal reminded a lot of people of how the Saudis bailed out George W. Bush's business fuckups before that clown sneaked into the Oval Office. After many scathing headlines, Kushner backed out of the Chinese deal to preserve appearances. But multiply this incident—way before Kushner was installed in the White House—times 200 (his number of businesses), and the opportunities for similar deals to influence the administration are boundless.

For instance, in May, Jared's sister, Nicole Kushner Meyer, continued the Kushner Companies' romance with the Chinese by offering "golden visas" to wealthy Chinese in Beijing in return for investing in luxury developments in New Jersey. "[This project] means a lot to me and my entire family," she told them. In an attempt to hide this brazen pay-to-play operation, goons evicted *Washington Post* and *New York Times* reporters covering the event.

In his half-assed financial disclosure, Kushner conveniently forgot to mention his part ownership in Cadre, a real estate startup also funded by George Soros, PayPal cofounder Peter Thiel and Goldman Sachs, or that he owes about $1 billion in loans to Deutsche Bank, RBS, Bank of America, Blackstone Group, Citigroup and UBS—a who's who of international bankers that makes Trump's supposed populism even more of a sick joke than the full platoon of Goldman Sachs cronies in his administration. Now you understand why Trump's itching to repeal the tepid Dodd-Frank financial reforms: The vultures on Wall Street have a hard-on to fuck the middle class up the ass again, so Trump and the indebted First Son-in-Law are greasing the wheels for another bankster rape.

Kushner also forgot to disclose that he is a financial partner with the billionaire Steinmetz family in Israel, whose supreme patriarch, Beny Steinmetz, is under criminal investigation in three countries, including a U.S. probe into a massive bribing scandal in Africa. Then came the biggest supposed brain fart of all: To get a top-secret security clearance for his new White House position, Kushner had to disclose all meetings with officials from foreign governments over the past seven years, and just "forgot," again, to mention that he met with Russian ambassador Sergey Kislyak and with the head of a Russian state-owned bank last December—exactly the kind of secret contacts with Russians that forced Trump's original national security adviser, Michael Flynn, to resign and particularly suspicious considering the FBI's investigation of Russian interference in the Presidential election.

Just like Trump, Jared was kick-started in life by a rich father, Charles Kushner, who was jailed in 2005 for tax evasion, illegal campaign donations and witness tampering; he actually set up his own brother-in-law with a prostitute, recorded them fucking and sent the tape to his sister in a bid to prevent them from testifying against him. What a pedigree! The prosecutor in that case was none other than Chris Christie (then a U.S. attorney), who ended up being ostracized by the new administration—a possible vendetta payback for crossing the First Family.

Kid Kushner has been given a staggering portfolio of responsibilities: solving the opioid epidemic, restructuring the whole federal government under his White House Office of American Innovation, defanging ISIS and, believe it or not, arranging a peace deal between Israel and Palestine! As an Orthodox Jew—the sect most rabidly promoting illegal settlements in the West Bank—Kushner will have about as much success as Don Corleone would if placed in charge of the FBI's organized crime division.

Kushner claims that Trump's prejudice against Jews, Muslims, Mexicans, gays, women and anybody outside of his country club of rich white guys is exaggerated, but one observer neatly sums up the stark truth: "When an out-of-touch-with-reality nominee hires an out-of-touch-with-reality campaign manager, who is also a son-in-law, you get the BS Jared wrote. I don't think Trump is an anti-Semite; I think he's a lying idiot (among other things) with little to no experiences outside his teetering fiefdom.... The very first thing a responsible campaign manager should do, I'd think, and I mean the very first thing, would be to take away his father-in-law's Twitter account. Even Joseph Kushner would've had the street smarts to figure that one out while living on boiled potatoes in the forest."

The author of this put-down is not some socialist hippie, but Jared's own cousin, Jacob Schulder. Joseph Kushner was Jared's grandfather, who escaped the Nazis in 1943 by hiding out in a Belarus forest for the winter and who probably rolls in his grave at 3,000 rpm over his grandson's role in a quasi-fascist administration. Kushner is the Asshole of a bigger Asshole, both determined to shit all over America's declining middle class as they shamelessly enrich their own clan and cronies. Welcome to the third world, America! H

PHOTO BY DPA PICTURE ALLIANCE/ALAMY

BETTER BONERS

Optogenetics is a new field of synthetic biology. How it works is that certain neurons and body processes are controlled using blue light. Basically, bacterial DNA that is susceptible to light is encoded into a virus that affects certain neurons. Once injected, the virus then allows those neurons to be turned on or off using blue light. Typically this process is done on the brain, but now Swiss scientists have been testing it on genitals in an attempt to stimulate erections. Surprise! It works. You can ignite a rat boner using blue light.

Martin Fussenegger, a researcher at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich, published a paper in *Angewandte Chemie* where he detailed his findings on optogenetics and stimulating rat boners. "The current treatment strategies focus either on restoring erection-promoting pathways or maintaining an established erection, but fail to provide a trigger-inducible erection on demand," Fussenegger wrote. He also noted that the blue light caused muscle relaxation, a nice little side effect for the rodents.

But what does this mean for men? Not much just yet, since testing on the human penis is still a little ways away, but one day a little blue light therapy might well nix the need for Viagra. Most wild rats that were tested developed a boner within a short 55 seconds of exposure to the light. The inner workings of this medical experiment are detailed extensively in the report, but know this: Erectile dysfunction could soon be solved at the speed of light.

JULIA ROBERTS FOREVER... AND EVER?

Every girl you have ever fucked has memorized that iconic scene in the 1990 box office smash hit *Pretty Woman*. In case you have been living under a rock, we'll refresh your memory: Julia Roberts plays a gorgeous, sassy prostitute who nabs the affection of billionaire Richard Gere. With his credit card in hand, Roberts walks her endless Bambi legs into a fancy Beverly Hills store. The shopgirls take one look at the wild hooker and cast her away like trash. After transforming herself into Wall Street arm candy, Roberts stops by that same shop, juggling umpteen purchases. "You work on commission, right?" she asks. "Big mistake. Big. Huge." It's the ultimate take-back moment everyone can relate to, and the public fell in love with Julia Roberts. Well, that love affair is still going strong. In fact, *People* magazine recently awarded the 49-year-old redhead 2017's World's Most Beautiful Woman for the *fifth* time. Roberts looks amazing. No shit. In fact, we would be thrilled to feature her in our pages. But with approximately 125.9 million adult women in America, is there really a need to be recycling a winner five times? Walk down the streets of Los Angeles and you are skull-fucked by an onslaught of impossibly gorgeous babes. That gossip rag *People* is biased as hell. Time to pass on the crown. At HUSTLER, we think beauty contests are a big mistake anyway, which is why you'll never see us anointing the World's Most Beautiful Snatch. All pussies are perfect.

PHOTO BY NEWZULU/ALAMY

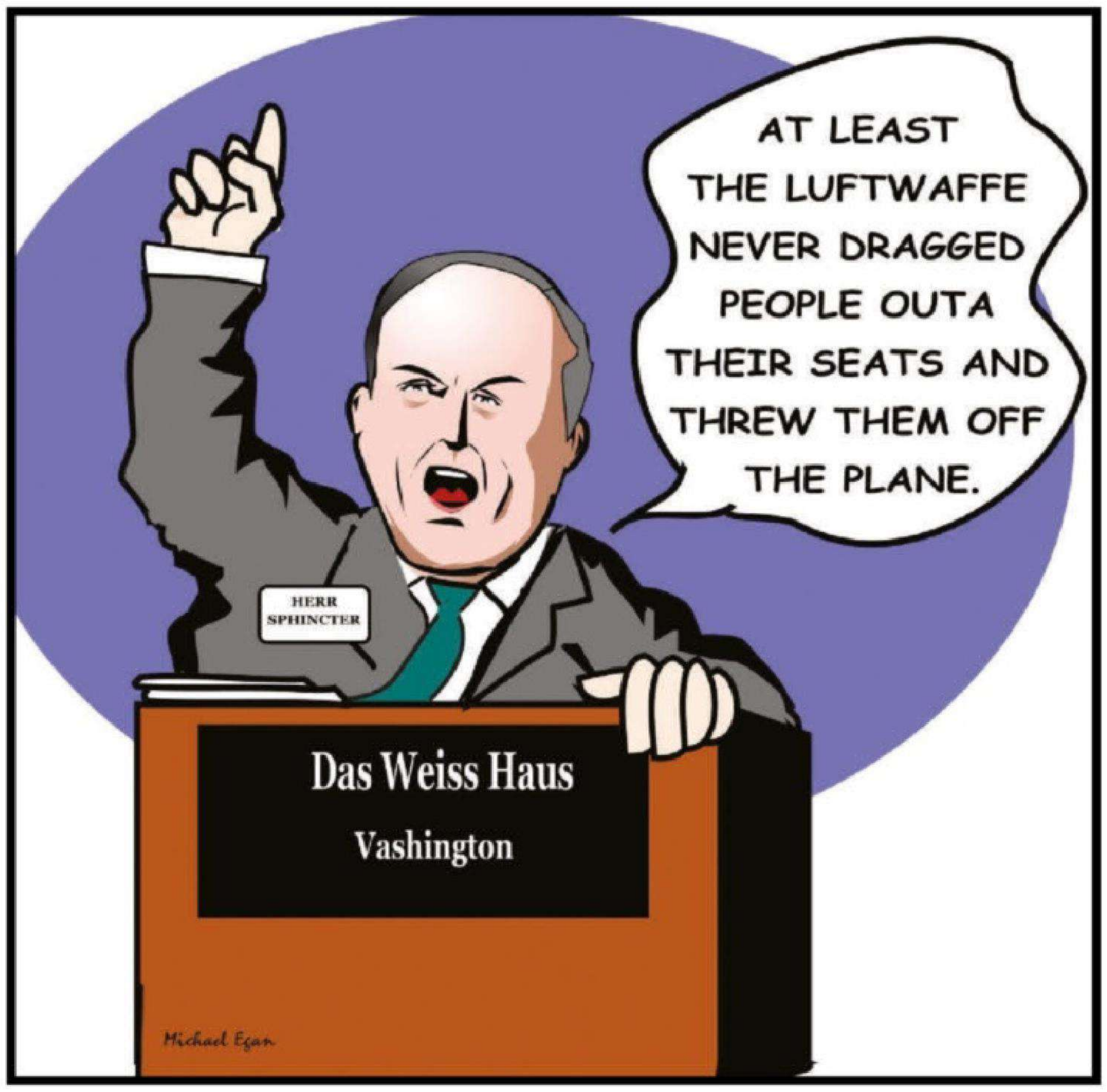
"Republican comes in the dictionary just after reptile *and just above* repugnant." —*JULIA ROBERTS, ACTRESS*

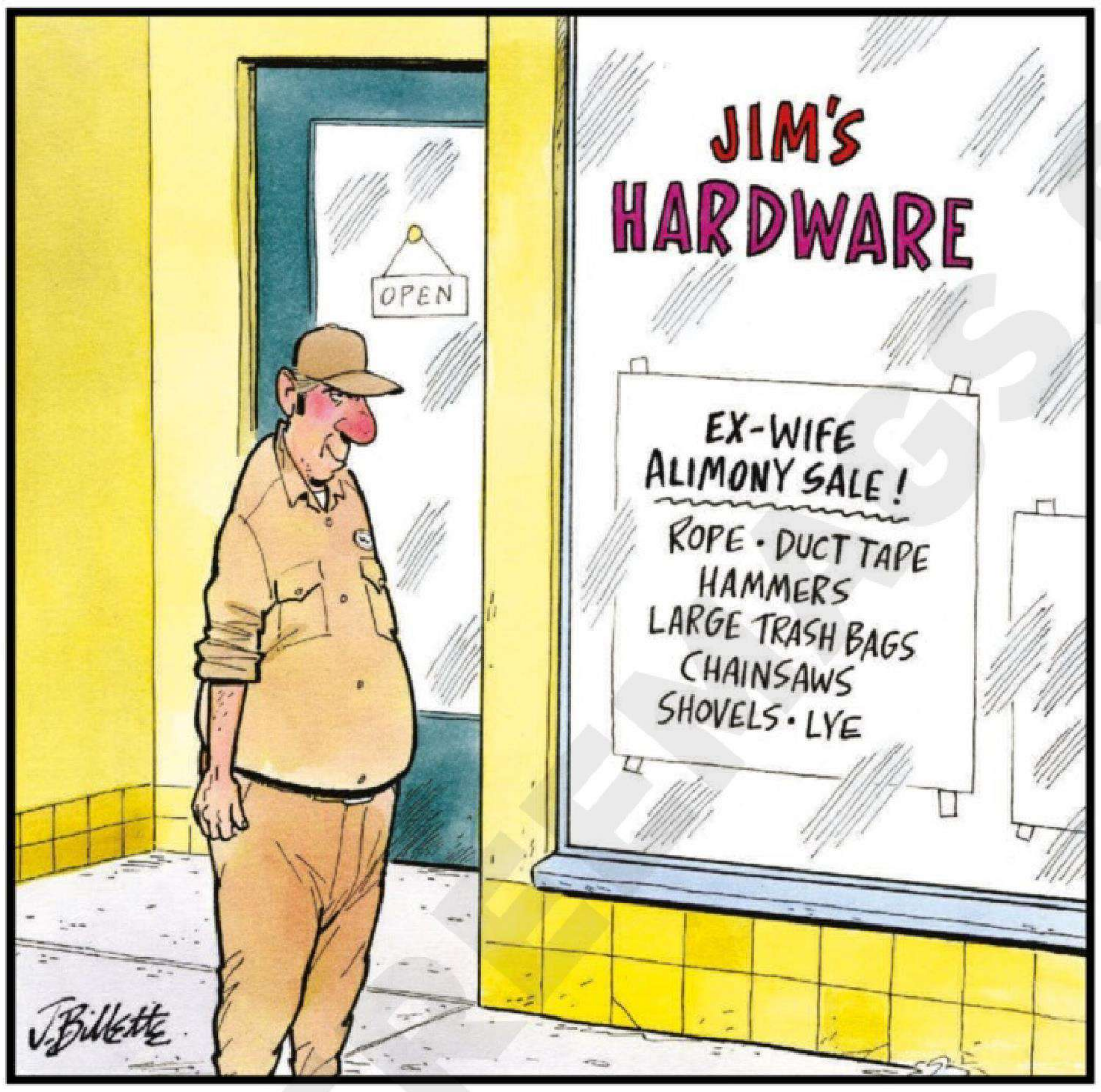
ANOTHER SHITTY DAY

When Gracie Henderson, a beautiful blond paramedic from New Caney, Texas, noticed her toilet was clogged, she scrambled to find a plunger. No luck. So Henderson decided to take the hands-on approach. The Texan reached her arm down the dreaded piss hole and wiggled her fingers around, searching for the log clog. A couple minutes later she gave up, but when she went to pull her arm out, she was stuck, up to her elbow in filthy potty water. After struggling for a bit, she finally caved and called 911. Her first-responder coworkers had no choice but to remove the entire toilet bowl from her bathroom and drag Henderson along with it. In the yard the woman shamefully hid her eyes from her neighbors with one free hand as the paramedics smashed the porcelain throne to free her.

But really Henderson's blunder is baby talk compared to what happened to 20-year-old Cato Berntsen Larsen. The Norway-based punk accidentally dropped his buddy's cell phone down a portable toilet, and instead of buying him a new one, like a normal person would, Larsen decided to jump down into the piss and shit to retrieve his precious device. Once inside the hole, he couldn't climb back out. He reported that after an hour of "animals crawling" over his body, he was vomiting and screaming for help. Larsen was literally up to his thighs in feces. In fact, it took several firefighters to pull the tattooed kid out of that vile porta potty. Real question is, how long did it take for the wretched stench to wash off? We're willing to bet the dude hasn't been laid since.

"Well, I don't use the toilet much to pee in. I almost always pee in the yard or the garden, because I like to pee on my estate." —**IGGY POP, MUSICIAN**


AT LEAST THE LUFTWAFFE NEVER DRAGGED PEOPLE OUTA THEIR SEATS AND THREW THEM OFF THE PLANE.
HERR SPHINCTER
Das Weiss Haus
Vashington
Michael Egan


OPEN
JIM'S HARDWARE
EX-WIFE ALIMONY SALE!
ROPE · DUCT TAPE
HAMMERS
LARGE TRASH BAGS
CHAINSAWS
SHOVELS · LYE
J.Billette

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A VERY WHITE WHITE HOUSE

Rumors have been flying around the White House that press secretary Sean Spicer is close to being canned. Bill O'Reilly might be his replacement, arguably a downgrade, since at least Spicer is entertaining to watch. Amidst his daily snafus and miscommunications, one stands out as the most egregious. In April, on the first day of Passover no less, while fumbling to defend Trump's actions in Syria, Spicer attempted to compare Assad to Hitler. Apparently Der Führer wasn't as bad as we remember him, since "someone as despicable as Hitler didn't even sink to using chemical weapons." Really?! Tell that to the millions of Jews killed in gas chambers with chemical gas agents such as Zyklon B. Oh, wait, you can't. They're dead.

Given a chance to clarify, idiot Spicer just kept digging his grave deeper and deeper, stuttering that Hitler "was not using the gas on his own people the same way that Assad is doing" and calling concentration camps "Holocaust Centers," like where the Nazis could provide Jews with all of their Holocaust needs.

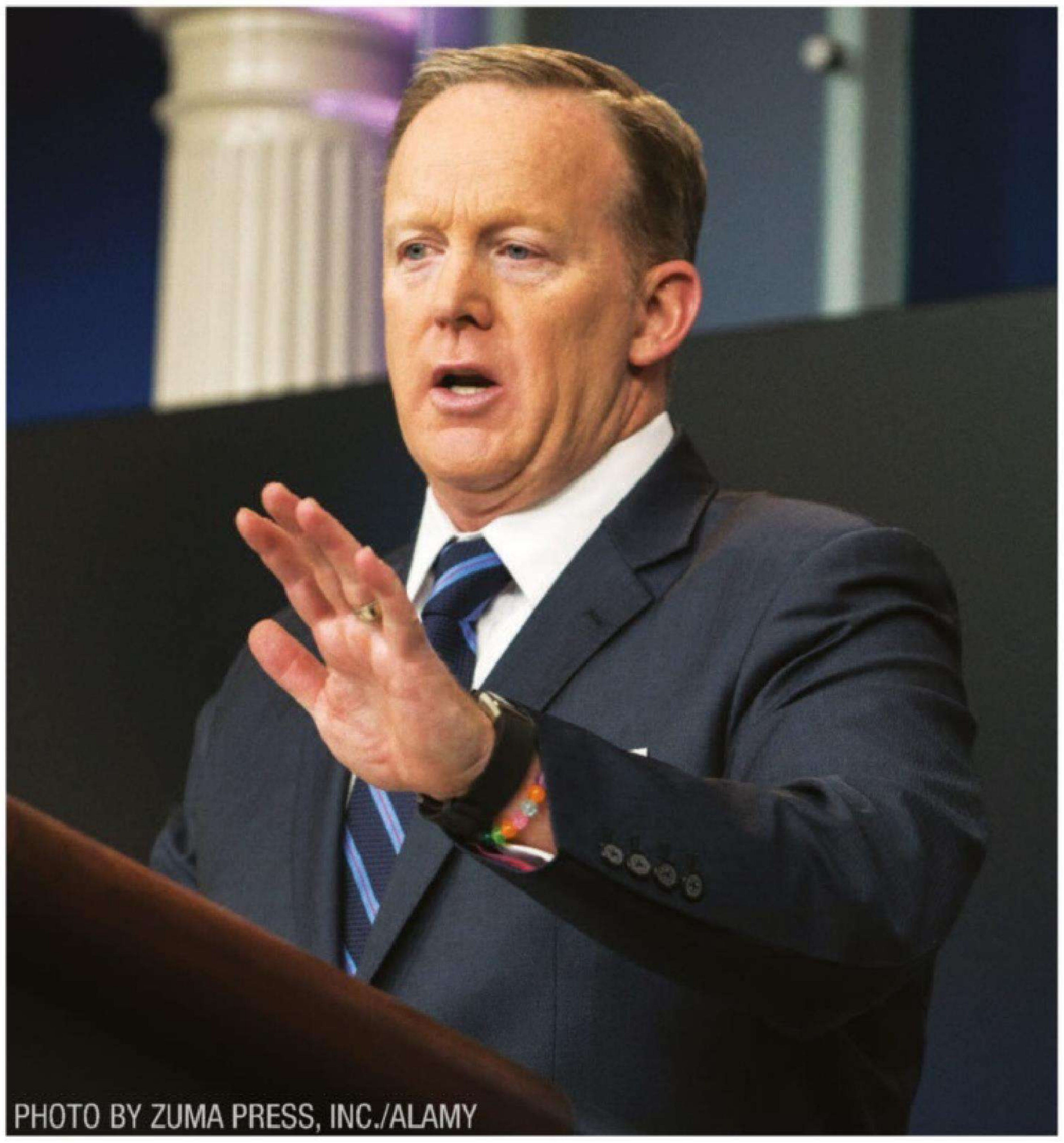


PHOTO BY ZUMA PRESS, INC./ALAMY

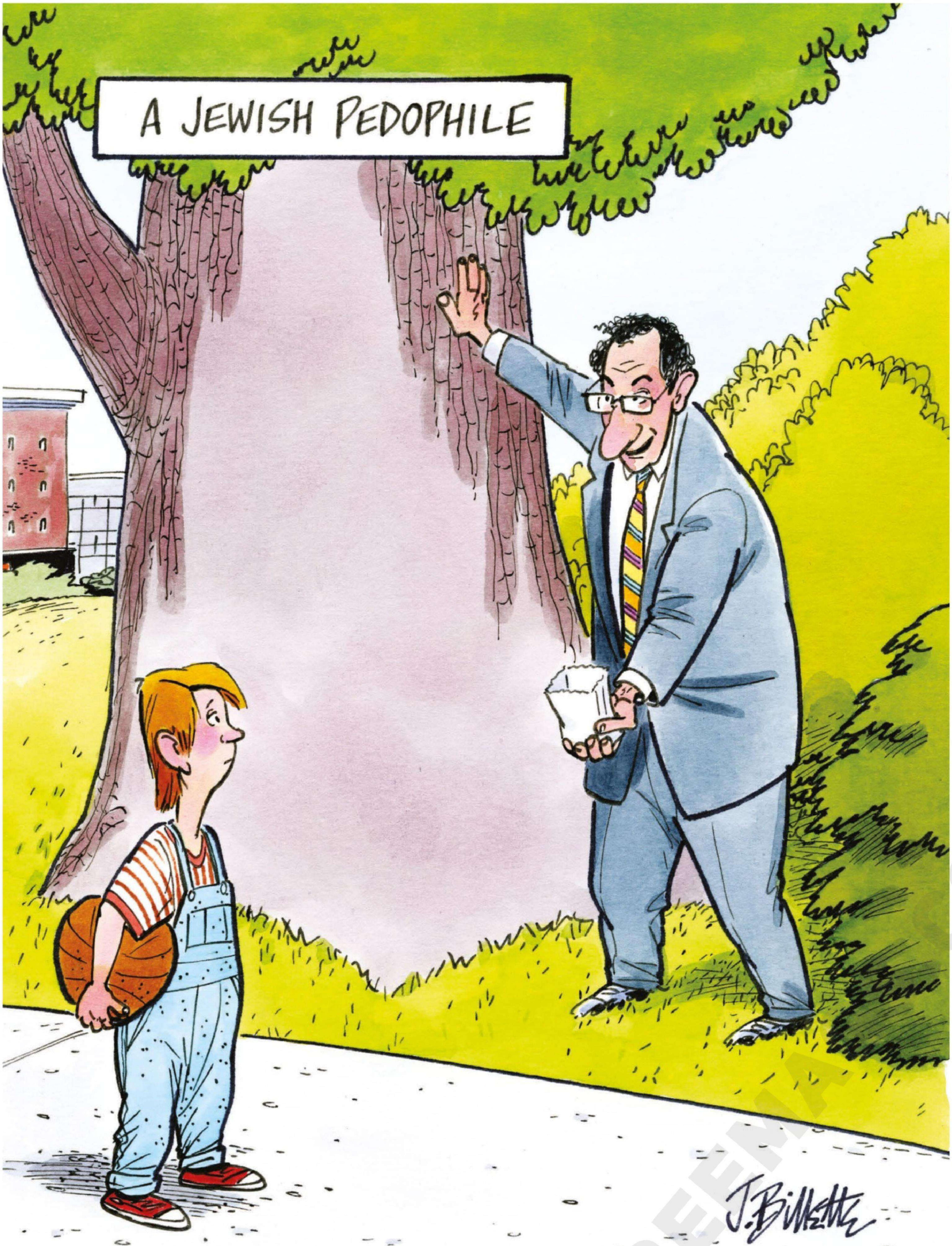
Sure, Spicer's double-digit IQ could be to blame. Still, his phrasing can be construed as the same subtle anti-Semitism/white nationalism that seems to permeate the current administration. Cases in point: Trump refusing to mention the Jewish people in his Holocaust memorial statement earlier this year, Steve Bannon's simple presence in the White House, Jefferson Beauregard Sessions' instatement as attorney general (a man so racist, Coretta Scott King, Martin Luther King Jr.'s widow, claimed he would "irreparably damage the work of my husband.") Trump made his political bones by being racist, so it's no surprise that he's surrounded himself with like-minded individuals. It's also possible that Spicer made a mistake. Hell, this fuckup might even pale in comparison to future unimaginable disasters. Who's to say what this administration will do next. Short of appointing David Duke to a cabinet position, nothing will surprise us.

PASS THE JOINT, HOSER

Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau is a political heartthrob who makes Americans long for the days when we actually liked our leader. And now he's down with the 420 crowd too. With legislation his Liberal Party recently introduced to Canadian Parliament, possessing small amounts of pot could be legal in Canada by next summer. As if the grand Canadian migration wasn't already in full effect in the U.S. since Election Day. Talk about greener pastures! Let's all pack up our bongs and move north—if they'll have us. Canada has a better healthcare system, decent skiing, excellent beer—and no Trump! The measure is being proposed in order to reasonably control distribution and hinder if not halt criminal activities. Meanwhile, in Washington, Attorney General Jeff Sessions has decided to start a crusade against pot, stating that weed, a drug on which not a single person has overdosed, is nearly as dangerous as heroin. He has in fact insisted that "Good people don't smoke marijuana" and would no doubt love to fill his pet privatized-prisons project with stoners. This in spite of the fact that 28 states have legalized maryjane for either medicinal or recreational use. And aren't those doofuses in the White House supposed to be proponents of states' rights?

Anyway, the main takeaway from this is that Canada needs to stop doing so many things right or the U.S. will lose Oregon, Washington and California when they become provinces. It's strange to think of a world leader prioritizing weed, but then again Canada doesn't have or cause quite as many problems as we do. Maybe one day, when President Matthew McConaughey takes office, legalizing marijuana will be his first act. We can always dream—or, better yet, hallucinate.

"Of course I know how to roll a joint." —MARTHA STEWART, BUSINESSWOMAN


A JEWISH PEDOPHILE
J. Billette

"Hey, little boy, wanna buy some candy?"

WE LOOOOOVE EATING THAT SWEET PUSSY...
...ESPECIALLY WITH YOU THERE...
1-800-LESBIANS
5 3 7 2 4 2 6
SO CALL US NOW!
...WATCHING, STROKING IT FOR US!!!
A085H

$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+.

1-800-SUCK-DICK!
7 8 2 5 3 4 2
YOUR COCK: MY MOUTH!
A086H

$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+.

THAT FEELING WHEN...
YOU HAVE A BIG COCK IN YOUR ASS!😮
1-800
ANAL-SEX
2 6 2 5 7 3 9

$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+.

A097H

COME PLAY WITH THESE...
1-800
BIG
2 4 4
TITS
8 4 8 7

$0.99-$2.99 per/min. Premium and access fees may apply. Adults 18+. A081H

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VIOLET STARR

NEWLY NUDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

When I got to college, I took a philosophy of religion class that really made me think differently and connect with myself. I always knew I wanted to do porn. It's a chapter of my life I need to explore.

"Right now I can't stop thinking about gangbangs. I have so many fantasies when I am on set, usually involving any man who is off camera. It's something I want bad. And BDSM has always been my favorite because you release the two chemicals of pleasure and pain. Love it.

"I was a huge fan of the fucking machine and would watch those videos growing up, so when I got to try it, I was in heaven. I had so much fun, I started fisting myself, and it wasn't even a fisting scene! I squirted all over the place!"

EMAGS

VIOLET'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Tampa, Florida**
AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-28-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Fotboth** | TWITTER: **@Official_VSX**

KID POKER

DANIEL NEGREANU

PHOTO BY JAYNE FURMAN/WSOP

DANIEL NEGREANU LAUGHS. HE LAUGHS A LOT. AND WHY SHOULDN'T HE? THE MAN THEY CALL KID POKER HAS WON SIX WORLD SERIES OF POKER BRACELETS (AT PRESS TIME), IS THE ONLY TWO-TIME WSOP PLAYER OF THE YEAR AND HAS MORE POKER TOURNAMENT WINNINGS THAN ANY OTHER PERSON IN HISTORY. AS THE GAME'S MOST POPULAR PLAYER, AFFABLE NEGREANU HAS APPEARED ON REALITY TV SHOWS, HAD CAMEOS IN HOLLYWOOD BLOCKBUSTERS AND WAS RECENTLY FEATURED IN THE DOCUMENTARY *KIDPOKER*. SO IF YOU GET THE FEELING THAT NEGREANU IS EVERYWHERE AND HE'S WINNING EVERYTHING, THAT SEEMS ABOUT RIGHT. THE POKER SUPERSTAR RECENTLY SAT DOWN WITH HUSTLER AT HIS LAS VEGAS HOME, WHERE, OVER VEGAN DONUTS AND KALE SMOOTHIES, HE TOLD US HOW POKER IS CHANGING, WHY HE BECAME AN AMERICAN CITIZEN (LET'S JUST SAY IT WASN'T TO SUPPORT THE DONALD) AND WHO HE IMAGINES WILL WIN THIS YEAR'S WORLD SERIES OF POKER MAIN EVENT. (A CLUE? IT'S HIM.)

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY

HUSTLER: Your interview intro will feature a photo of you dancing onto a stage in a shiny suit, surrounded by cheering fans and circus performers. So that's Daniel Negreanu's life?
DANIEL NEGREANU: That's me entering the stage to play for 15 million dollars, the final table of the 2014 One Drop. Came in second place. I had to settle for 8.3 million [*laughs*].

Part of your $30 million in tournament earnings?
Thirty-two million, I think. Not that anyone's counting.

With the World Series of Poker winding down, talk about the state of the game in 2017.
Poker is good. It's changed, of course, more global. When I came up, if you wanted to be a poker player, you had to come to Las Vegas. Now, because you can play on the internet and there's tournaments all over the world, you can be located anywhere. There are a lot of good players coming in from Germany actually and most recently China.

Technology has changed it?
The internet has changed everything, because now you can learn how to play poker very well without even risking a dollar. When I was coming up, you had to pay your dues. You had to learn the game by losing your money. A lot of these kids who play online today, by the time they're 22, they've played as many hands as Doyle Brunson, who's 83 and has been playing every day his whole life.

Who are the best players in the world today?
I always go with Phil Ivey, who's a great all-around player. There's more than one game of poker, other than just the no-limit hold 'em you see on TV, and Phil can play them all. Outside of him, there's a young German on the scene recently named Fedor Holz, but he's only a no-limit hold 'em guy.

Who do you think's going to win the 2017 WSOP Main Event?
I think I am [*laughs*]. I really do. I think the way I play is best suited for that event, because you got a lot of amateurs, but you also got a lot of pros, and I think I'm uniquely qualified to play against both. There are ways in which I choose to take advantage of amateurs that I think other pros don't. It's kind of a complicated theory, but they play what's called game theory optimal, or GTO. I play exploitative. GTO essentially means playing a style that can't be exploited, what they consider perfect. Exploitative would be I'm going to figure out what your mistakes are, and I'm gonna take advantage of that. In other words, I play the player. I figure out what their strengths are, what their weaknesses are, and I go after the weaknesses.

> "I PLAY THE PLAYER. I FIGURE OUT WHAT THEIR STRENGTHS ARE, WHAT THEIR WEAKNESSES ARE, AND I GO AFTER THE WEAKNESSES."

How does luck factor into poker, or does it?
Luck works like this in poker: In the short run, luck plays a big role. If me and you played one hand, it's 50-50. You win or I win. If we play 100 hands, now I have a much better chance. If we play a million hands, you'll never win. Luck won't ever play a role after a million hands. So over the short span, it's hard for a poker player to go through the ups and downs, because luck can affect you. You can be playing very well and continuously losing.

When I watch you on TV, it looks like you have an aggressive game.
I wouldn't call it aggressive necessarily. I'd call it getting people out of their comfort zone by actually being comfortable. So I'm comfortable. I'm joking. For me it's just another day at the office. And for other people who are tensed up, that can be intimidating. Like "Why's he so comfortable, so calm, and I'm not?"

It sounds like a fetish we might highlight in HUSTLER, but what exactly is *speech play*?
Speech play is a term that was coined by William Kassouf, this kid at the World Series last year. He just came up with the term to describe when you talk at the table, like "You gonna call me here?" "You got pocket nines," "You got this," "You got that," just table banter that he calls speech play. He uses it to his advantage.

But you're an expert at it, right?
I would say so.

Can talking too much at the table be a problem?
Yeah. If you're talking too much and you're playing against really smart players who can see through that, you should shut your mouth. Basically, I only talk in spots where I feel I have good control over my opponent, where I don't feel like I'm gonna give something away. The tougher the player is, the less likely I am to talk.

So many players are wearing hats and sunglasses, but you're usually bare-headed, eyes uncovered, smiling and yapping away. How come people can't read you?
There was an FBI agent who tried to figure out my tells once, and he said he couldn't because I was doing so many conflicting things. This would mean I'm bluffing; this would mean I have the nuts. This would mean I'm strong; this would mean I'm weak. Because I'm always in and out of so many different things, it's difficult for people to pinpoint what I'm doing.

Once I did have a tell, a funny one, on TV. I bet 50K in cash, put it on the table in *High Stakes Poker*, and I was blinking a lot. The guy called me, and I was bluffing, right, so I realized he must have noticed the blinking. So for the next year or two, every time I had like four aces or something, I'd just start blinking [*laughs*].

Speaking of tells, are there obvious ones? Like if the guy behind you is playing with his chips, does that mean he wants you to think he will act?
Not really. It's subconscious for a lot of people. Sometimes if people grab their chips early, it means they're going to bet, and other people are actors who grab their chips early because they don't want you to bet and are trying to fake you out. I'll give you one clear tell— >>

PHOTO BY CURTIS JOE WALKER
SPECIAL THANKS TO MODELS EMBER STONE & BRENNA SPARKS

WORLD
POKER
TOUR
1999 U.S. Poker Cha
at Trump Taj Maha
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Daniel Ne
Hundred Ten T usand

Just one?

[*Eyes narrow, voice hardens, and the dorsal fin of a shark appears out of nowhere.*] What? You want me to give you the whole fucking book?

Okay, we'll take one.

One good one that works with amateurs: When the flop comes out, watch their eyes. If the player sees the cards and the first thing they do is glance down at their chips, that means they like what they saw. Because subconsciously their mind is telling them, *Next move, grab chips.* Whereas that same player, if they see three cards come out and they keep staring at them—they don't glance down—then they don't like it; they don't have anything.

You're famous for reading players' cards. My question: How, how, how do you do it?

It's not magic. After I've seen someone play for a little while, I get an idea what cards they like to play. So now the way the hands play out, there's clues. So let's say I start—there's like eight hands he could have, so now the flop comes, and he makes a bet, so he can't have these three. Now he's down to five. On the turn he does this—so he doesn't have these two, and he's down to three. In the end he's either got this one or this one, so I like to say, "You got the King-9," or whatever. I start with a wide scope and then narrow it down to just the one —with math and their physical reactions.

Do people react to your reads?

Most people give me a little something. Not everyone, but sometimes they're like, "What the fuck? Can he see my cards?"

Is that harder to do with amateurs, since maybe they don't know what they're doing?

With amateurs I don't worry so much about that. I just wait for them to screw up, 'cause they're gonna screw up. I'm not gonna do anything crazy. I'll just let them do dumb stuff.

Between your talking at the table and calling out your opponents' hands, does anyone ever get really pissed at you?

Well, one guy in particular gets mad, and his name is Phil Hellmuth.

PHOTO BY CURTIS JOE WALKER

He just gets mad at anything because he thinks he deserves to win every single pot. So with him I just stick the needle in all the time because he does it to other people.

Would it be accurate to say that Phil Hellmuth is your bitch?
[*Laughs.*] To some degree. To some degree. I know how to play him very, very well. Away from the table Phil is what I would describe as a good-natured narcissist in the mold of Donald Trump—just not the evil, disgusting-pig kind. He's a nice guy away from the table, just very self-focused, not that self-aware.

When you first started coming to Las Vegas, did you ever imagine you were going to be this famous?
Yes! It didn't make sense to believe it, but I always did. I remember watching the WSOP for the first time in Canada, just seeing it on ESPN, way back in the '80s, before they had hole cameras even, and I thought, *Man, that is cool.* From that moment I knew I was gonna be a part of it.

Did you struggle financially as a young player?
Oh, yeah. When I was first starting out, I didn't have much money, so whatever money I had was often on the table. That's my late teens, my early 20s. There was a point where I was in high school in Toronto, taking bets on sports. I got involved with a group who lost a bunch of money to me, like 12K, and another guy, he won about 10K. So the guy who won the 10K comes to collect, and I go, "Let me go get the 12K from these guys," but those guys didn't pay, so now I'm out 10K. And I didn't quite have it, so I had to come up with a payment plan. I learned the hard way back then what responsibility was about.

"WE PLAYED FOR 45, 48 HOURS, 4K/8K LIMIT, PLUNKING DOWN MILLIONS, BUT WE WERE PLAYING WITH $1 CHIPS. THE CASINO DIDN'T HAVE $1,000 CHIPS, SO WE WERE PLAYING WITH DOLLARS."

Then for the first year or year and a half when I came out to Vegas, I was playing with all the sharks. I was like a big fish in a small pond in Toronto, but every time I would come here, for the first six or eight months, I would leave broke. Those guys were just better than me, and it wasn't until I learned to improve and become more self-aware that I was able to correct that.

Speaking of debts, when someone owes you money, do you do the leg-breaking yourself, or do you hire out the job? For instance, I heard Mike Matusow owes you money?
I don't believe in leg-breaking, and I'll tell you first and foremost why: because I made the choice to give the money. Once you give them the money, you hope it comes back, but you know it might not. Because I didn't have to do that, right? Now, does that condone what Mike did? No. He's an asshole. He's a douchebag. He's a scumbag. But I'm responsible for the decision I made too.

Very important question to our readers: Are there poker groupies?
Sure, although not like for rock stars. Poker players are often these young, relatively good-looking kids with a lot of money. Those can be attractive assets for some young women.

Be honest, Daniel, is that why you got into the game?
No, that had nothing to do with my playing poker. When I started playing poker, I wasn't dealing with no groupies. I wasn't chasing women; I was playing. There were times when I was playing 70 hours a week. I do have one groupie story for you though. This woman comes to the WSOP once and asks me to sign her tramp-stamp area, so I sign it, and she says, "I'm gonna go get this tattooed and come back tomorrow with it to impress my husband." I laughed, thought it was funny, but she came back the next day, and there was the tattoo, "Kid Poker, Rio 2010," and my name signed across it. Then I met the husband, and he says to me, "Now every time I tap my wife's ass, I gotta see your name…" [*Laughs.*]

In the charmed life of Daniel Negreanu, what role do women and girlfriends play?
I wouldn't say women are my Achilles heel. I love women, and I have an appetite for variety, I guess you could say. Being in a relationship with me is difficult. I'm very demanding. I come from a championship mentality, so I require somebody else along those same lines in terms of being driven and motivated. But I do all right.

What makes someone good at poker? Math skills? People skills?
I think ultimately the real core thing is self-awareness, which you could call emotional intelligence. Essentially what that means is understanding your own faults, your own weaknesses. You don't have to be the best player in the world to make money, as long as you're playing with six other guys who are worse than you. If you're the fifth best player in the world and you're playing with the top four, you're the sucker, period, right? Or you could be a shitty poker player yourself, but if you play with guys who are the worst, now you're the pro! It's really about being self-aware and understanding how good you are at controlling your ego.

Okay, Daniel, speed round: Most fun game you remember playing?
There was a time I was in San Diego with Gus Hansen and Phil Ivey. Some tournament had just broke, and we sat down at like 8 p.m. and just kept playing. We played for 45, 48 hours, 4K/8K limit, plunking down millions, but we were playing with $1 chips. The casino didn't have $1,000 chips, so we were playing with dollars. [*Laughs.*]

Which do you like better, shorthanded or heads-up?
Shorthanded. I like the banter of having people at the table, and I'm probably better at it.

Tournaments or cash games?
Tournaments. >>

FREEMAGS.CC

Your favorite game?
Stud 8 or better. I like stud hi-lo, so half the pot goes to the best high hand; the other half goes to the five lowest cards.

You play in any interesting celebrity games?
I went and played at Tobey Maguire's house years ago, with him and Jack Black and Leonardo DiCaprio, a bunch of big producer-type guys, up in the hills above L.A. I was appreciative of the invite—it was fun, a birthday kind of thing, so I didn't want to be the guy who just wins everything and pisses everyone off. So I ended up losing. [*Laughs.*]

Only Daniel Negreanu could laugh about losing money! But talk about that dichotomy: You seem like a new-age hippie type, easy-going and vegan and into self-help books, but you take other people's money for a living.
Yeah, I don't have an issue with that, because everybody is. What does anyone do that doesn't take money from other people? At its core, I play poker with people who have the money and want to use it as their entertainment. So they're entertaining themselves playing poker, and I'm the entertainer, essentially, by taking the money. If you're a basketball player, you're taking money from people who watch. You're also taking money from other people who aren't making as much as you because you're better than they are. I don't have an issue with that. When you're playing the game, you're focused on killing everybody and doing your best, being your best, but that doesn't mean you can't be decent. After the game is over, if you've destroyed somebody, you can always still be comforting, help them out, maybe even loan them some money.

"SOMETIMES I HONESTLY BELIEVE, WHEN I'M ALL-IN IN A POT, I CAN FEEL WHEN I'M GONNA WIN. I CAN FEEL CARDS COMING UP."

Did I also read that you're a little mystical?
This may sound crazy or kooky, but I guess the question is, Do I believe in an energy? And I do. Sometimes I honestly believe, when I'm all-in in a pot, I can feel when I'm gonna win. I can feel cards coming up. I know there's no science backing that up, and I know all the millennial nerds, they'd be like, "That's your own bias," and I'm like, whatever, possibly. But you know what, I feel like there's something more; I feel like there's an energy that connects us and you can tap into it. There's a book by Wayne Dyer called *The Power of Intention*, and he talks about when you're in tune with all these things, the universe conspires to work with you. [*Negreanu shrugs nonchalantly, points at his shiny Las Vegas mansion and the beautiful women waiting in the wings to be photographed with him.*]

Positivity?
I try to live my life within four principles: One, be impeccable with your word; two, don't take anything personal; three, don't make assumptions; and four, do your best. Pretty damn simple. (*Laughs.*) When I'm doing that, when I'm being outward focused and giving to others, things seem to work out better in my life too.

I guess the only time I've seen you upset was when you were on that rant in the documentary *KidPoker*. Something about Black Friday?
Black Friday happened in 2011, the day the U.S. Department of Justice enforced a really stupid law called the UIGEA, the Unlawful Internet Gambling Enforcement Act, and they basically shut down online poker sites from operating in America. So while it was legal to play poker online in Saudi Arabia, or in Afghanistan, Iran, Russia, in all those so-called *free* countries, after the UIGEA was passed, you were no longer *free* to play in the good ol' United States of America.

It had been legal to play online until that day?
Yeah, I mean essentially—it was *legalish*, I guess. They were in a gray area. But that rant, there were some guys running the poker site Full Tilt, and they did some shady things. With PokerStars, what they did is, they had all the player funds segregated, so as soon as Black Friday happened, PokerStars paid out their people. Full Tilt, what they were doing, they were using some of the player balances for marketing, giving dividends to owners, so when things shut down, they didn't have the money to pay the players. They expected to run the business forever and always have enough cash on hand to cover deposits, but when that happened, they weren't prepared because they'd already spent some of the money. People eventually got their money back, but what about the interest, for example. If you tie up somebody's money for a year, and I had 3 million in there, that's a lot.

That didn't look too good for the poker community at the time, and I've heard you talk about how the poker community needs to give back.
I think the poker community is headed in the right direction. A lot of the younger guys are making a lot of money, but instead of blowing it on cocaine and whatever else, they're thinking about how they can make a difference in the world. And they're really, really mindful of that.

Tell us about St. Jude's Hospital and Meals on Wheels.
St. Jude's, I do a celebrity poker tournament, a whole gala, typically in November. And Meals on Wheels, basically I put a tweet out that said, if the government decides to cut funding for Meals on Wheels, I'll put up $30K a year to help make up the difference. Because Meals on Wheels, I mean, really? Was that the problem in this country? Old people who are starving, who don't have food, *that* was the problem?

Not a fan of the Trump Administration?
Actually, I became an American citizen to vote against him. I wasn't voting for her as much as I was voting against Trump. The guy's a lunatic. Of course, with me saying that, he'd probably just say I'm another one of those millions of illegal voters.

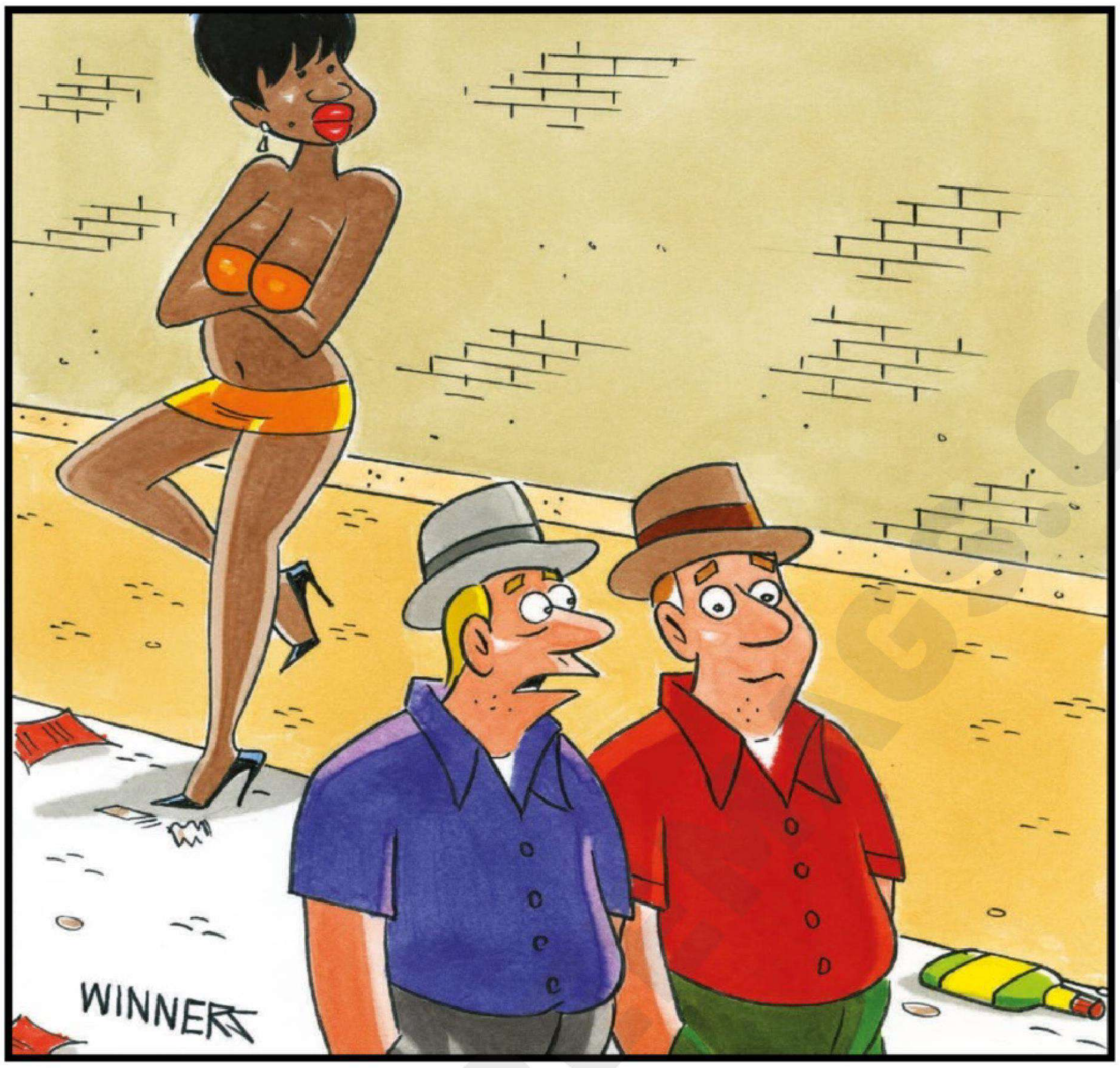
PHOTO BY JAYNE FURMAN/WSOP

On to happier subjects: Can we all agree that you're the most popular poker player in the world today?
I think that's fair to say. I mean, every time there's been an award given for most popular player or anything like that, the polls—you know [*Trump voice*], "Check the polls, check the polls!"

I heard you like to play golf and bet on golf. Bet big.
I lost millions. I won the millions back. Then we added a little gravy after that [*laughs*].

Is it just me, or is it good to be Kid Poker?
[*Daniel Negreanu smiles broadly.*]

Any last words of advice? I too would like to make millions.
You'd like to make millions? If you actually want to make millions playing poker, understand one thing: It's a full-time job. It's not something where you just walk in for a couple hours and make money. You spend eight to ten hours a day playing, and the times when you're not playing, you're studying the game. The only way to be successful today is to work really, really hard. H



"You're saying the best things in life are free. Then how is she getting away with charging a hundred bucks for a blowjob?"

SYDNEY COLE

PIN ME DOWN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

MAGS.C

I had this crazy ex-boyfriend who tried to get the both of us into porn together. He signed us up to webcam. I dumped him a few days later without even doing a live show. But then I got curious and horny and started doing it on my own. I loved it.

"I'm a really petite girl, but that has never stopped me from taking on any sort of challenge in the bedroom. When I started, I was 5-2 and 104 pounds. I shoot it all. I'm not gay for pay. I like being with girls just as much as boys, but it's all about the person and the chemistry. When it comes to men, I love double penetration. I'm a submissive. Pin me down and make me helpless."

FREEMAGS.CC

FREEMAGS.C

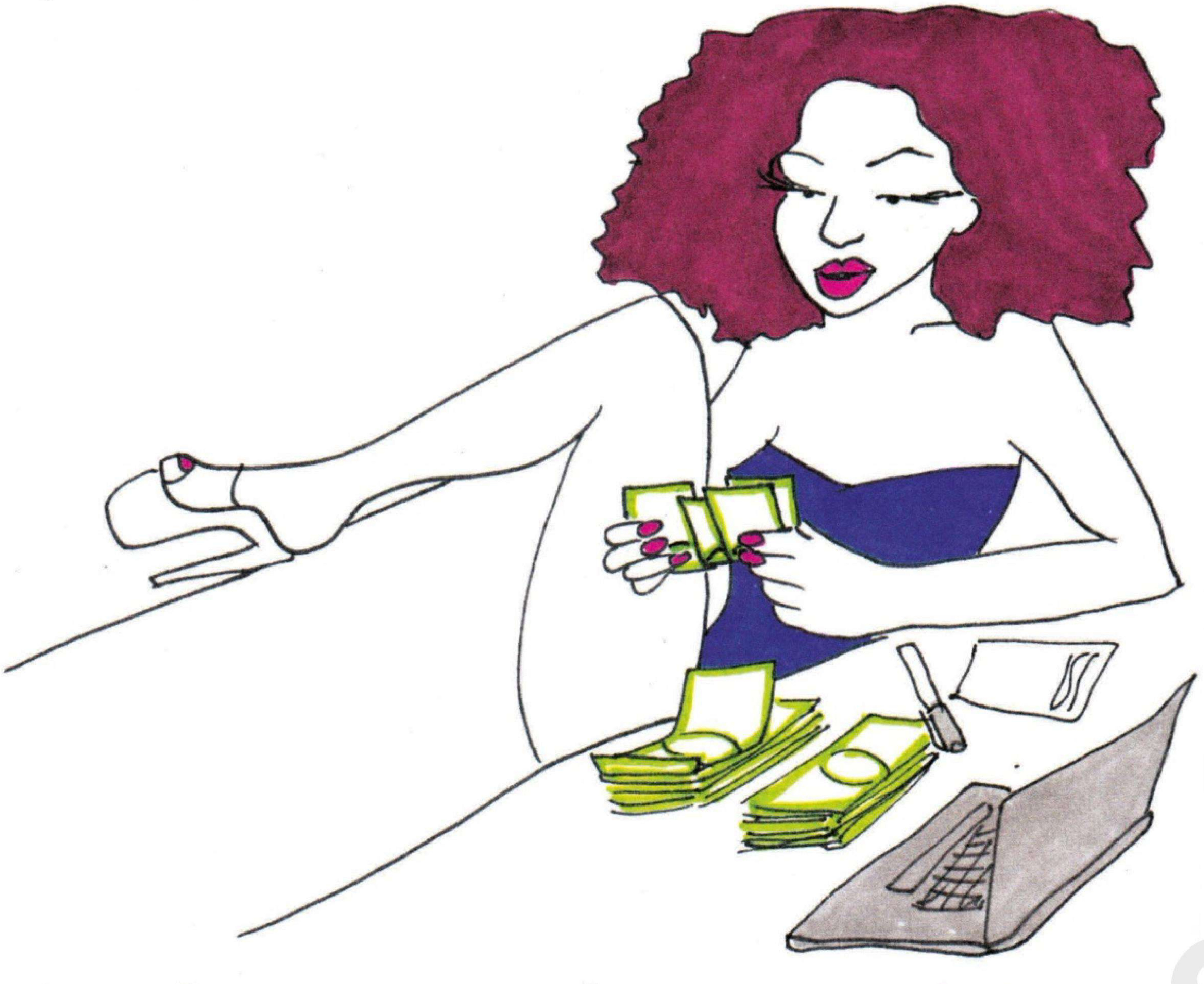
STRIPTASTIC!

A CELEBRATION OF DOPE-ASS CUNTS WHO LIKE MONEY

by Jacqueline Frances

THESE PAGES ARE A LOVE LETTER TO THE WOMEN WHO HAVE INSPIRED ME TO LIVE BRAZENLY, TO ALWAYS STAND UP FOR MYSELF, AND TO TURN ALL THAT PENT UP SLUT ENERGY (I HAVE A LOT OF IT) INTO COLD, HARD CASH. EVERYTHING I AM I OWE TO THEM.

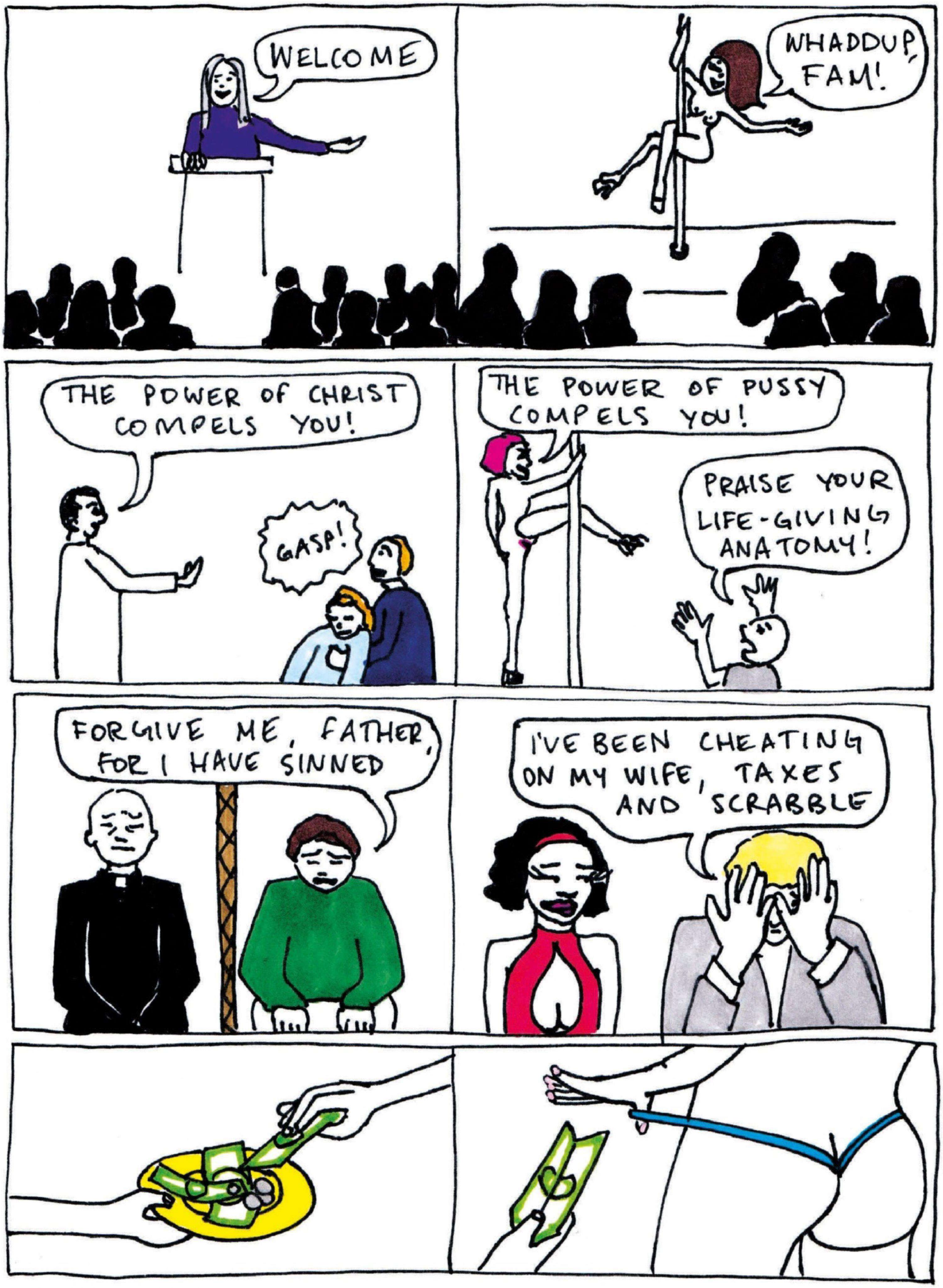
YOU SAY MAKING IT RAIN

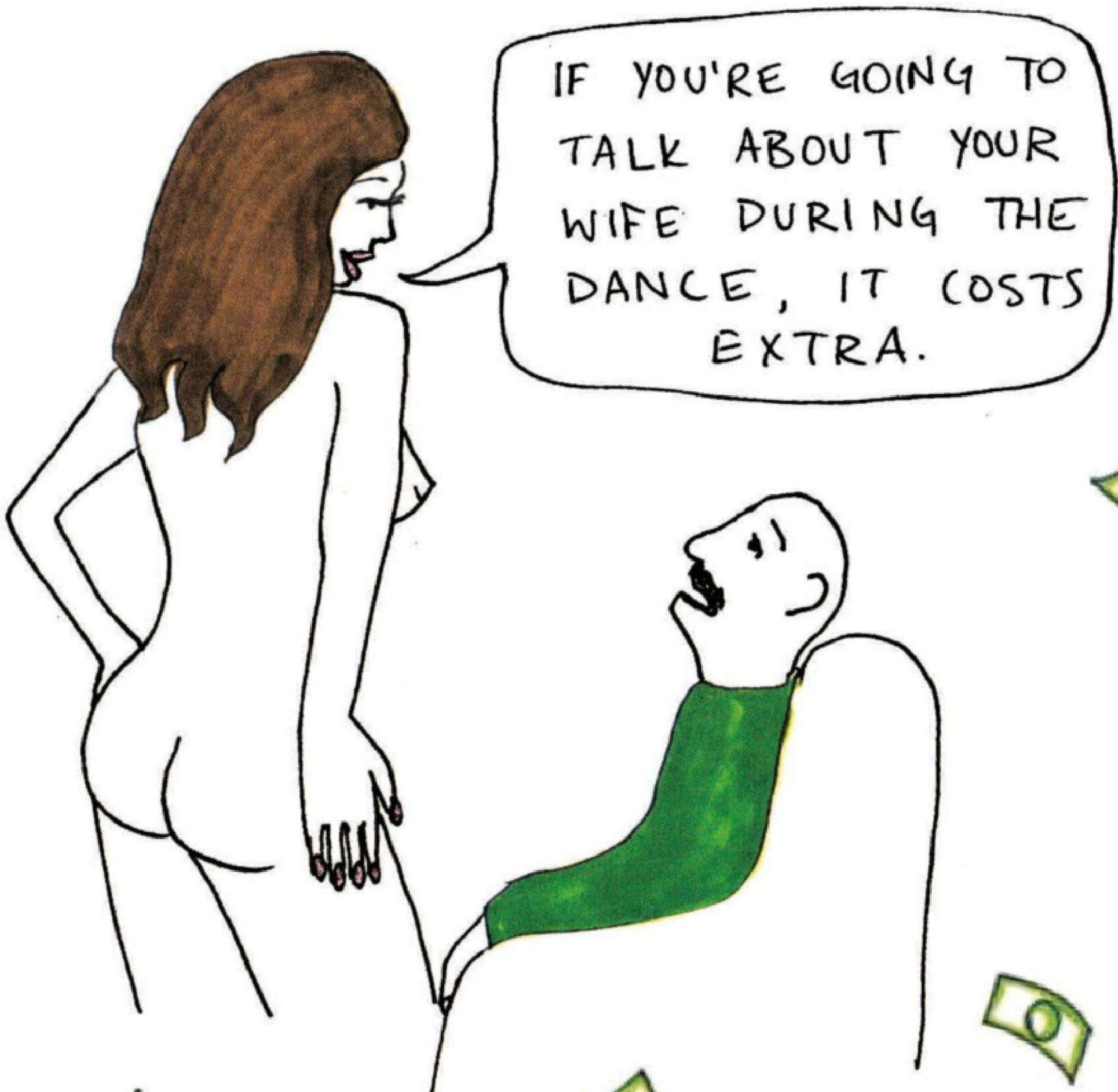


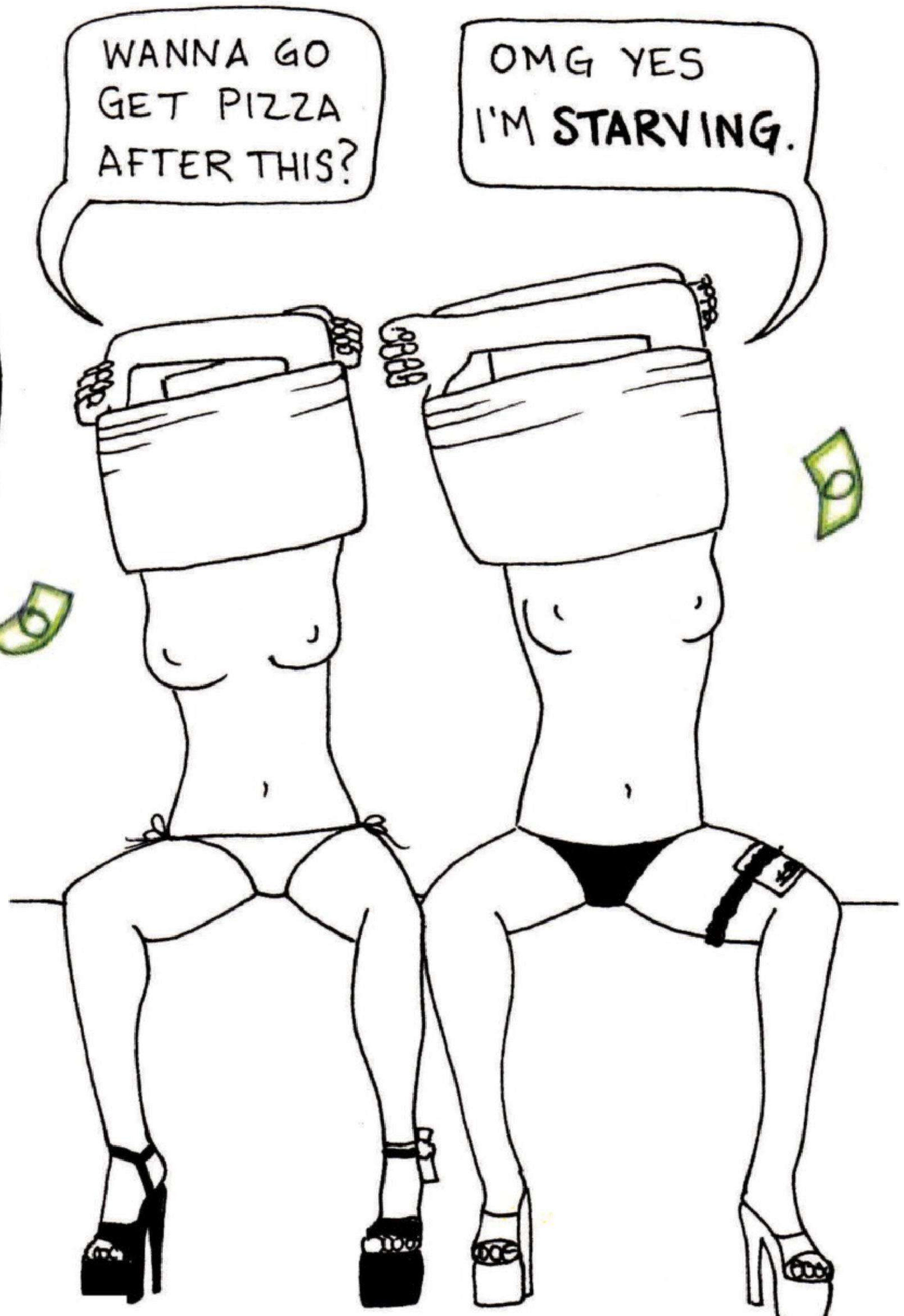
I SAY INVESTING IN YOUNG FEMALE ENTREPRENEURS

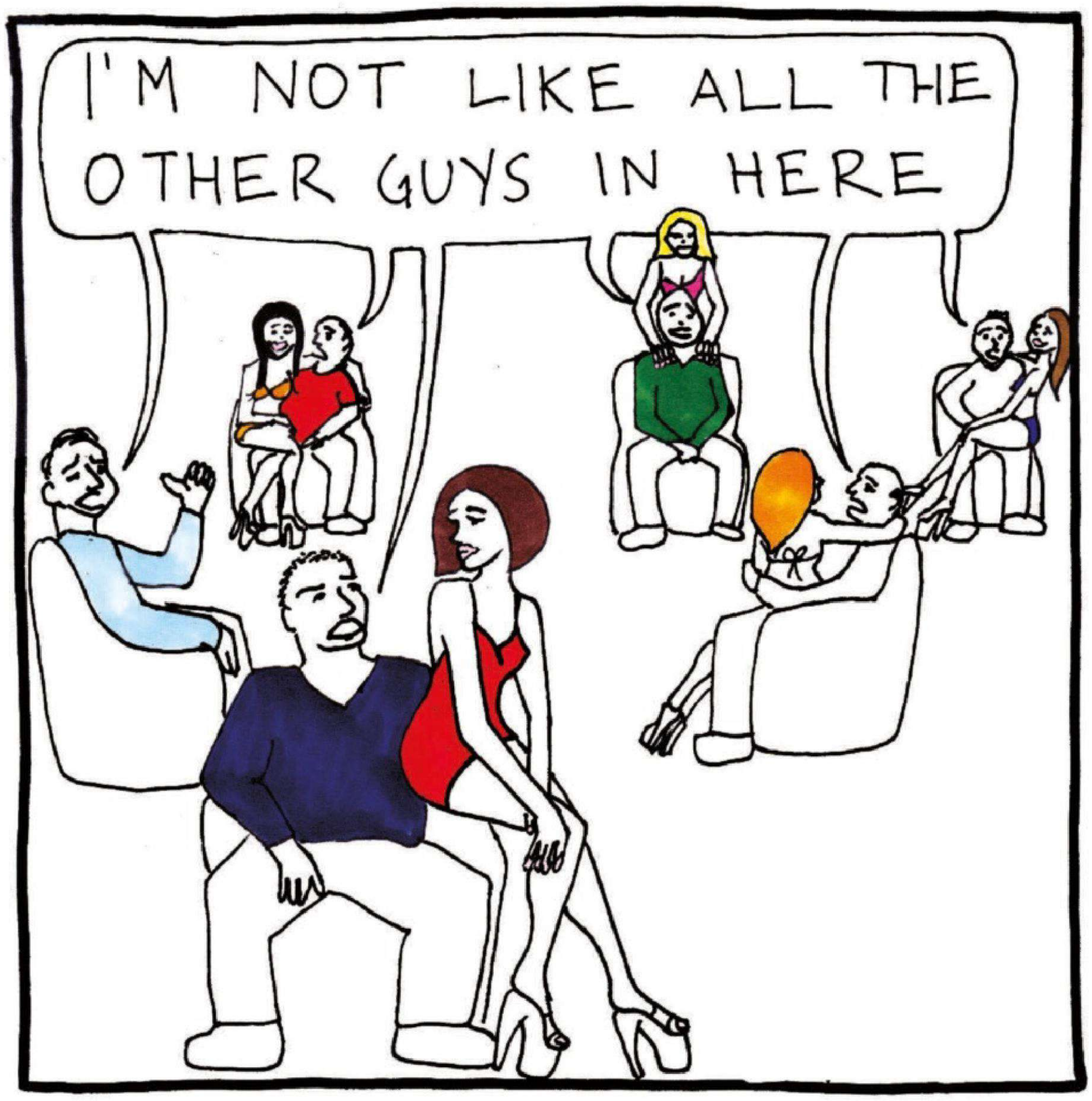
FREEMAGS.CC

THE STRIP CLUB IS A PLACE OF WORSHIP:


WELCOME
WHADDUP, FAM!
THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU!
GASP!
THE POWER OF PUSSY COMPELS YOU!
PRAISE YOUR LIFE-GIVING ANATOMY!
FORGIVE ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED
I'VE BEEN CHEATING ON MY WIFE, TAXES AND SCRABBLE


IF YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT YOUR WIFE DURING THE DANCE, IT COSTS EXTRA.


WANNA GO GET PIZZA AFTER THIS?
OMG YES I'M STARVING.


I'M NOT LIKE ALL THE OTHER GUYS IN HERE

STRIPTASTIC! *is a coffee-table book of illustrations, interviews and data collected from a survey Jacqueline Frances conducted with nearly 300 strippers from around the world. It's a full-color, 150-page educational (and certainly entertaining) journey through the days and nights of life as a stripper. Order it today on Amazon, or visit* **JacqTheStripper.com** *to purchase your very own limited-edition signed-and-smooched* STRIPTASTIC! *Frances is a Canadian writer, stripper, illustrator and comedian. Her memoir,* The Beaver Show, *was published in 2015. She lives in Brooklyn with her wife and plants.*

TAYLOR
MAY

TALENTED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JAMES BANASIAK

REEMAGS.C

FREEMAGS.CC

EEMAGS.CC

When I first started in the adult world, I thought no one from my hometown would ever recognize me. There are so many girls, and what are the chances? But after one month in Miami I had all my old friends from high school telling me there was a girl doing porn who looked exactly like me. Old friends would send me pictures of myself! *Yup, that's me. I do porn.*

"I've always been a very sexual person, but I never really watched porn myself when I was young. I started in the webcam world. That's where I learned that I was a crazy squirter. I was performing on camera, touching myself, and all of a sudden I squirted everywhere. It was so unexpected. Everyone in my live feed went wild! I knew I wanted to share this talent with the world. I'm an exhibitionist at heart."

TAYLOR'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Seattle, Washington** | AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-25-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Reverse cowgirl** | TWITTER: **@TaylorMayXXX**

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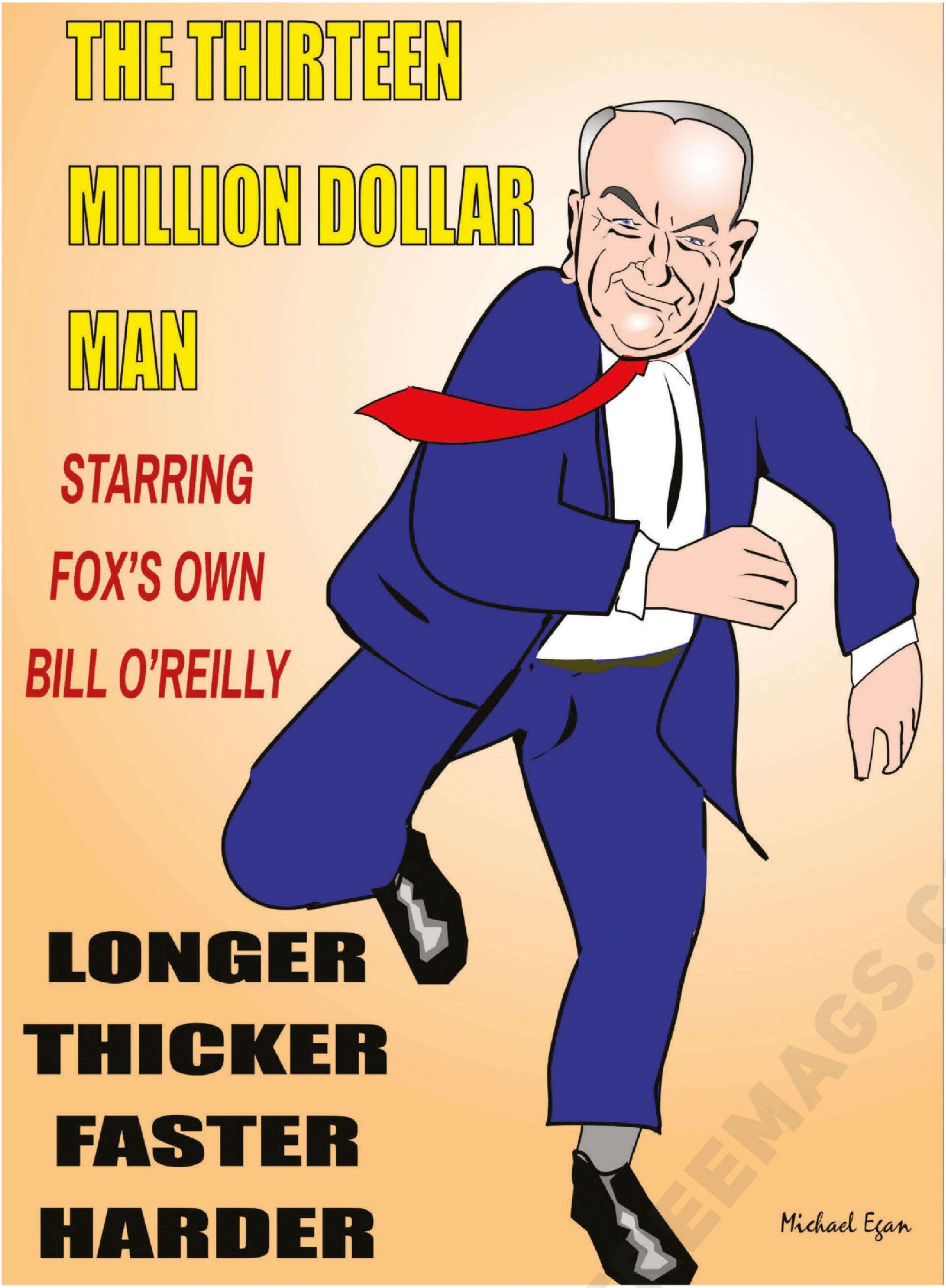

THE THIRTEEN
MILLION DOLLAR
MAN
STARRING
FOX'S OWN
BILL O'REILLY
LONGER
THICKER
FASTER
HARDER
Michael Egan

FREEMAGS.CC

BLAIR WILLIAMS

BAD GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

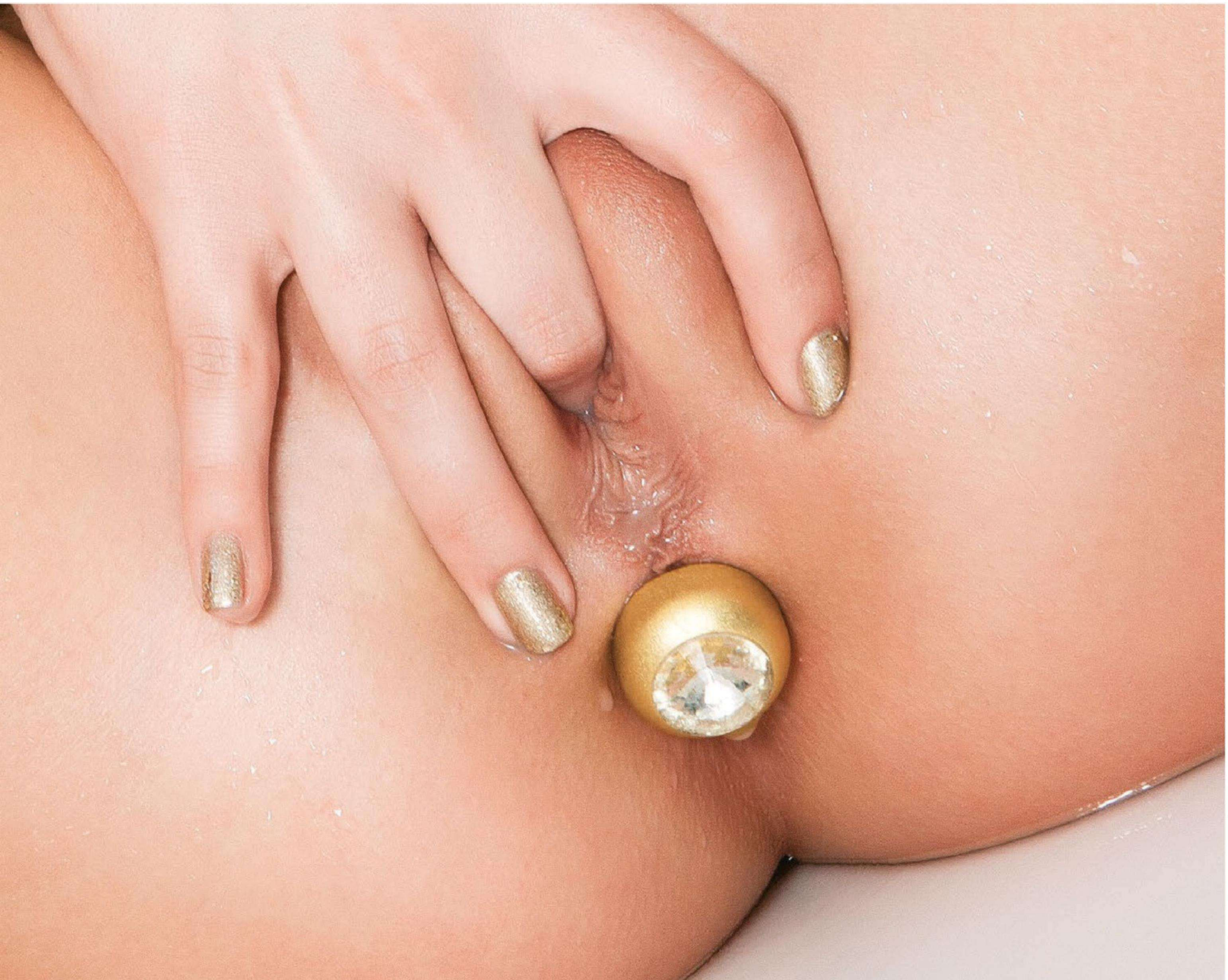
FREEMAGS.CC

When I was going to an all-girl Catholic school, I grew curious about sex from reading magazines. So my best friend and I started practicing blowjob techniques on bananas. I'm competitive, so the harder she went, the harder and farther I had to go. I became a deep-throat expert.

"I was a church school nursery teacher and enrolled in a small Christian university when I had my sexual revolution. I was still in a religious frame of mind, so sucking dick and anal came before losing my virginity. Then I saw an advertisement for a porn reality competition called *The Sex Factor*. I knew that I had a chance to win; the way I sucked dick was special—after all, my famous move is a back-bended blowjob. I skipped school, auditioned and won. That's when my career really began.

"Everyone wants to know how adult stars stay so fit. My secret? Anal sex. Whenever I prepare for an anal scene, I only drink juice for three days prior. I'm a perfectionist and want to make sure my body is gloriously clean. I watch what I eat, and I love to run. It clears my mind in the morning and helps me focus on the day ahead."

FREEMAGS.CC



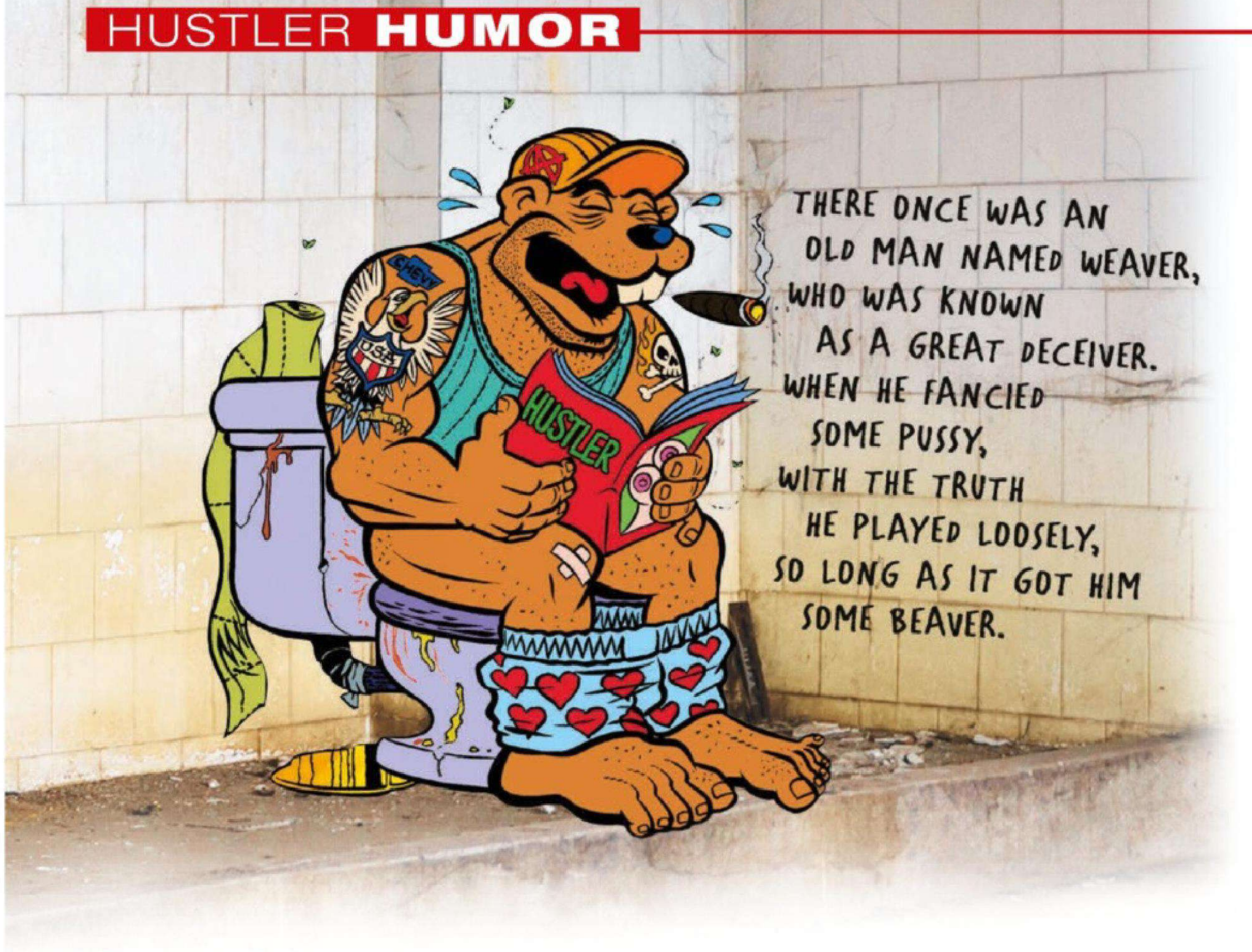
FREEMAGS.CC

BLAIR'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California**
AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-9**
MEASUREMENTS: **34D-26-38**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Back-bended blowjob**
TWITTER: **@BlairsBananas**

FREEMAGS.CC

FREEMAGS.CC



Donald Trump and Barack Obama were getting haircuts and shaves at a D.C. barbershop. Their respective barbers finished at the same time, and each reached for some aftershave to put on his customer's face. Trump shouted, "Hey, don't put that shit on me! My wife will think I've been in a whorehouse!"

Smiling at Trump, Obama said to his barber, "You can splash some of that aftershave on me. My wife doesn't know what the inside of a whorehouse smells like."

A blonde dropped off a skirt at the cleaners. On her way out the door the lady at the counter said, "Come again."

The blonde looked back and said, "No, it was toothpaste this time."

Question: What do you call a guy who doesn't like having his dick sucked?

Answer: Dead.

An elderly couple, a middle-aged couple and two young newlyweds wanted to join a Baptist church. The pastor told them that new parishioners had to abstain from sex for four weeks. Everyone agreed.

Four weeks later the couples returned. The pastor first asked the seniors if they'd been successful. "No problem at all," the husband replied, and the pastor exclaimed, "Congratulations! Welcome to the church!"

The pastor then asked the middle-aged couple how they'd fared. "The first two weeks were easy," the husband told him, "but the third and fourth were pretty difficult. Yet we managed to abstain."

"Congratulations!" the pastor exulted. "Welcome to the church!" Turning to the newlyweds, he asked, "Were you also able to abstain for four weeks?"

"Well, we made it through three whole weeks," the husband replied. "Then we had to buy some paint. The can was on the top shelf, but my wife lost her grip, and the can fell to the floor. When she bent over to pick it up, I was overcome with lust and took advantage of her right there."

"You realize this means you are not welcome in the church," the pastor huffed.

"We know," the young man said. "We're not welcome at Home Depot anymore either."

A married couple was at home watching TV one night. Phil had the remote and was switching back and forth between a fishing channel and a porn channel.

Mary became more and more annoyed. Finally she muttered, "For God's sake, Phil, leave it on the porn channel. You know how to fish!"

Question: What does a woman say after her third orgasm?

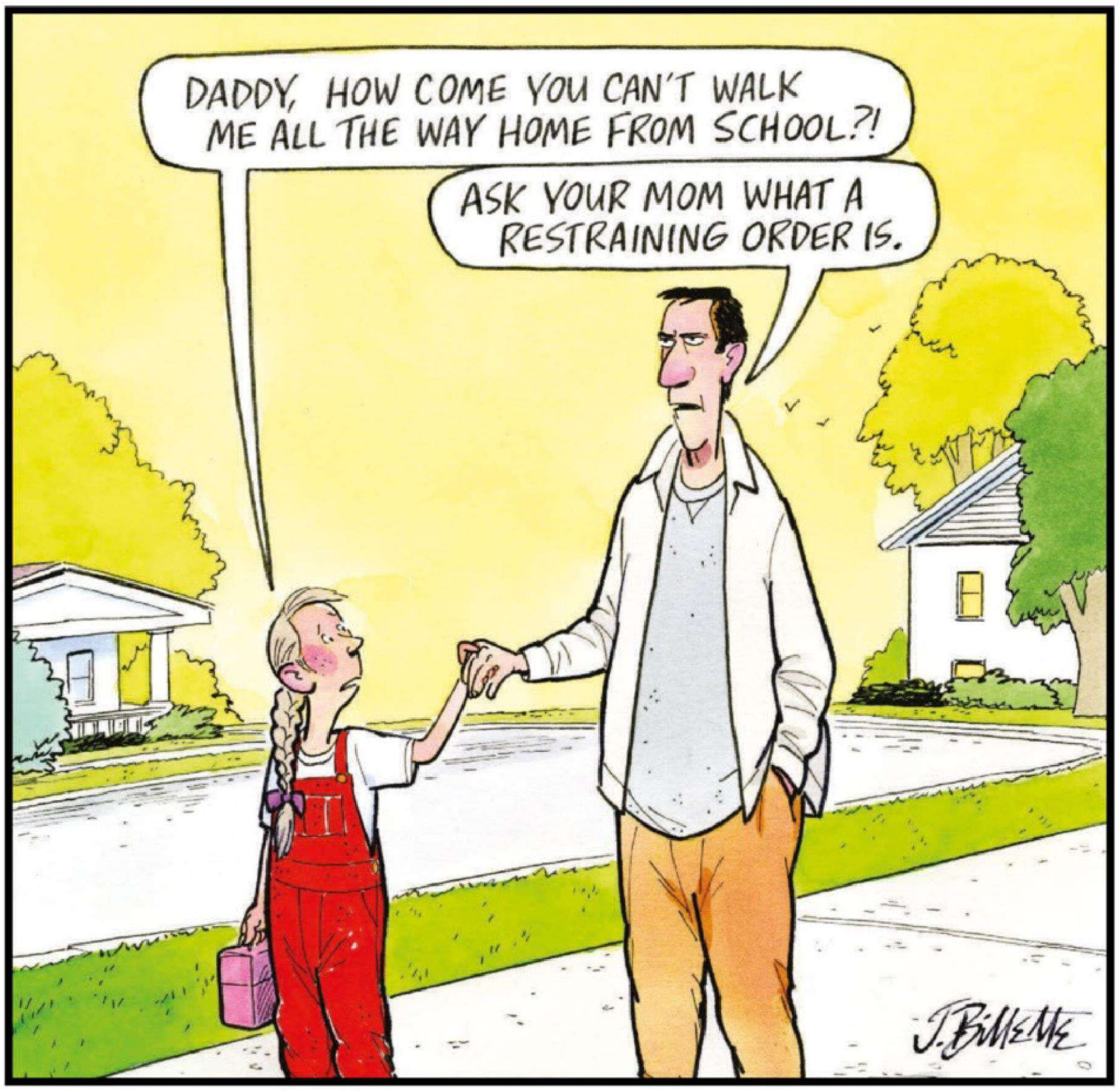
Answer: You mean you don't know?!

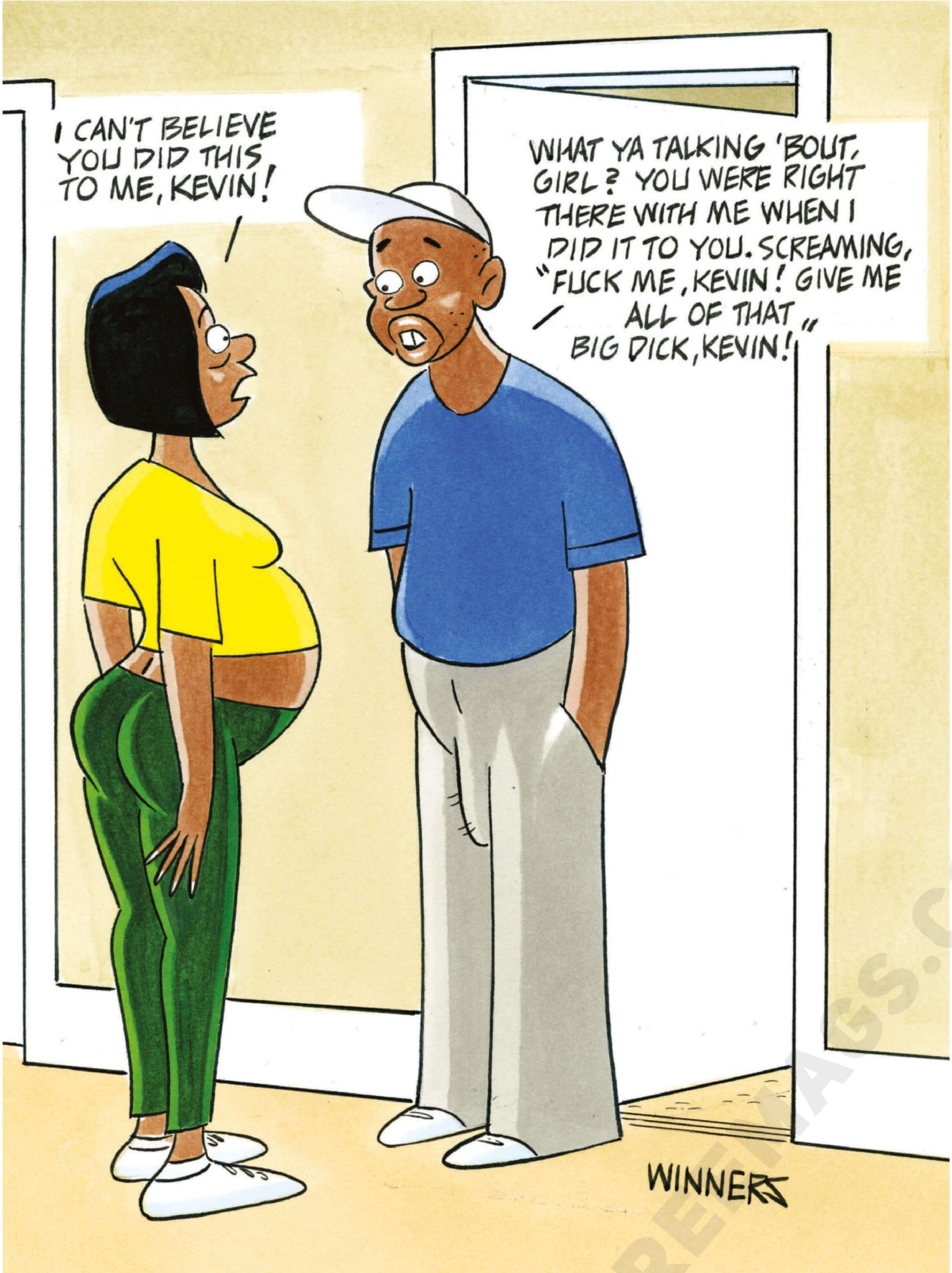
Superman was bored one day and was flying around Metropolis when he spotted (with his X-ray vision) Wonder Woman in her apartment. She was lying in bed, naked as a jaybird, with her legs spread. In a flash, Superman swooped through an open window, made love to her and quicker than lightning flew off.

"What was that?" Wonder Woman asked.

"I don't know," admitted the Invisible Man, who was lying on top of her and boning away. "But my asshole hurts like hell."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!


DADDY, HOW COME YOU CAN'T WALK ME ALL THE WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL?!
ASK YOUR MOM WHAT A RESTRAINING ORDER IS.


I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THIS TO ME, KEVIN!
WHAT YA TALKING 'BOUT, GIRL? YOU WERE RIGHT THERE WITH ME WHEN I DID IT TO YOU. SCREAMING, "FUCK ME, KEVIN! GIVE ME ALL OF THAT BIG DICK, KEVIN!"
WINNERS

FREEMAGS.CC

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BELOW THE RUST BELT II

CONFESSIONS OF A HEARTLAND STRIPPER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN F.

IN 2014 A FLEDGLING HUSTLER REPORTER SLIPPED UNDERCOVER TO DISCOVER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO WORK AS A STRIPPER. THIS IS HER SECOND REPORT IN THREE LONG YEARS. SHE HAS NEVER RETURNED TO THE OFFICE.

I'm genuine, yet professional," I say to the totally oblivious customer drinking vodka sodas at the bar. "And I'm romantic."

"What?" He finally looks away from the TV and notices my generously applied glitter eye shadow and lips dripping in a shade called Sin. "What are you talking about?"

"You know, sex." I stand up, grab him by the tie and try to meet him at eye level, but I tower above him in my eight-inch platforms. "Are you trying to get lit or just sit?"

"Do you need a drink or something?" he asks.

"Oh, sure. I'll have a pinot grigio. Thanks."

We take our drinks into a corner and sit beneath the glow of the Diamond Room sign. Pink lights twinkle all around the room. Depending on where you sit, the club can smell like either Pearberry body mist or puke. The night is at a standstill, like somebody hit pause. Cherry's onstage dancing to "Ms. New Booty." Shawn the DJ walks by with a wet mop. Girls lounge at various tables with pineapple martinis, shots the color of antifreeze and Patrón. It's crazy when this becomes your comfort zone. >>

BY FAWN PETERSON

FREEMAGS.CC

"So what's your name?" asks the customer. His bored look fades as Cherry plucks her singles off the stage.

"It's Fawn," I say. "Like the deer. What about you?"

"Dave," he says.

Seems as though every customer's name is Dave. I take my first sip of wine. *Click.* The room comes into focus. *Whoosh*, and I free-fall, skydiving into oblivion. It's a familiar feeling. By tomorrow this conversation will be a distant memory. But right now it feels like life and death.

"Actually, I think we've met before." Dave tips back his Molson and slurps from the bottle. "I tried to buy you a pinot grigio, but the manager said you were cut off."

I narrow my eyes and take a closer look. Dave's got a shaved head, wrinkles around his eyes and a long wool overcoat. He's sexy in a Moby-ish way, a way that becomes my fascination.

"I remember," I say. But I really don't. I smile, but don't show any teeth. Sly.

Brittany struts onstage in lime fishnet thigh-highs. A hip-hop song begins, and the opening line—"I'll let you count my money, baby"—resounds through the club. Shawn assumes the mic and says, "Gentlemen, grab some greenery for the scenery." I drink more wine.

"What kinds of things go on here?" Dave says. I feel his brain soaking up the room like a hit of acid.

"Pretty much everything." I drape my leg across his lap. "Do you like my tan?"

"Yes." He gives it a long, lingering stroke. "It's very nice." I place my foot back on the floor. "So how many girls are working tonight?" he asks.

"Um, well, Brittany's onstage." I squint toward the bar. "That's Eve over there with the e-cig, she's kind of mean, not sure why. Cherry's over there drinking the shot of Fireball, and Mandy, I think that's her way over there in the pink permed wig—"

"Damn," says Dave. "So what else do you do?"

Dave's old enough to be my dad, but that's hot. I know what he's thinking, that I look so innocent and sweet. But sadly, I'm not. By her mid-to-late 20s, a dancer such as myself becomes somewhat blasé.

"Hmm," I stare into the distance. "I like to be choked during sex."

"Really?" Dave says. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

"No." I finish my wine and smear on some lipstick. "I'm single."

"Okay, so how do dances work here?"

"Follow me."

I lead the way to Antoine's podium in my completely sheer minidress, eyeing up customers along the way. A strobe light dances around the room and lands on the man in flannel who's always lurking in the corner and probably has been for a decade.

"What'll it be?" Antoine says while sharpening a pencil.

"We should do a half hour," I say to Dave and take his hand.

Dave and I sink into the velvety embrace of the Platinum Room, where it's dark and everything smells like vanilla. I toss my dress aside and put the timer on the ledge. Dave's new Molson and my third pinot grigio sway side to side and spill a little. Metallica fades into Pretty Ricky. I settle onto Dave's lap.

"I think I have a crush on you," I whisper into his ear. "I don't know, it's just...you kind of resemble Moby."

"I get that a lot."

I grind against Dave with a passion reserved for if the actual Moby were to walk into the club. The timer ticks down as I squirm around and lean into Dave's hard cock. I press my breasts against his face and drag my tongue down the side of his shaved head.

"That's an erogenous zone," I say.

Sweat drips from my pores while I rub my pussy on Dave's crotch.

"Oh, my God," I say. My face smushes into the dirty wall cushion. "Dave."

I lower myself to eye level with him. My lips hover directly over his. I bite his lower lip, not super hard or anything, and before I know it, his tongue is in my mouth and we are making out. He squeezes my ass, then drags his dry palms up my back. He's probably not thinking straight, because his erection is so huge, it's almost coming out of his pants. The timer beeps. I reach for my dress.

"Dave, you're hot," I say. "Take my number."

Dave puts my number in his phone, and we leave the Platinum Room.

"You should come over later," he says, "to my hotel."

"Maybe."

I'm contemplating the nature of desire, how it can be turned on and off like a switch, as I walk to the dressing room. It's a small space, carrying the aroma of coconuts and dirty thongs. A few hair straighteners are plugged in on the vanity. They make the air smell baked and crispy, like tropical T&A. I pop open my combination lock and start digging through clothes, looking for some Strawberries & Champagne—my signature scent. I flip my tote upside down. Lilac mesh, sequined crochet, fuchsia polyester and a leather bustier all spill out in a wad.

"What the fuck are you talking about, Tito?" Blair shrieks into her phone. I'm crouched low on the carpet. "I don't care about the money, but at least—if you're going to do that much coke, then at least have the courtesy to water my fucking plant."

THE TIMER TICKS DOWN AS I SQUIRM AROUND AND LEAN INTO DAVE'S HARD COCK. I PRESS MY BREASTS AGAINST HIS FACE AND DRAG MY TONGUE DOWN THE SIDE OF HIS SHAVED HEAD. "THAT'S AN EROGENOUS ZONE," I SAY.

"Aw, this guy texted me, wanting to hang out." I scroll through my phone. "Didn't see it until now. Shit."

"That sucks, dude," says Clover. She blinks, very slowly, and gazes into the mirror to draw stars on her face with eyeliner. "Like, a customer?"

"No, like, an actual date," I say. "Where's my thong?"

"We need a girl onstage," Shawn suddenly appears. "Lana, where is she? Is she in the back?"

"I was in jail with her," says Eve, who's wearing leopard lingerie tonight.

"She's been asleep," Arielle points to a Care Bears blanket under the vanity. "That's her under there." She bites the tip of her acrylic nail. "But you didn't hear it from me." She removes a Newport from her pack and leaves the dressing room.

"Did you know that *Lana* spelled backwards is *anal*?" I say.

"Goddammit." Shawn bounces from one foot to the other. "You are all driving me insane. Eve?"

"Um, can you skip me?" Eve looks up from her phone. "I need a smoke break."

"Fawn, you're next then," Shawn says and silently exits the room.

Everyone is gone. I remove a prerolled joint from my pack of Marb Lights. The Care Bears blanket starts to move.

"What's up, Fawn?" Lana's head rises from the floor. "Still getting high?"

Lana and I creep outside into the icy night. Eve and Arielle are puffing away. Music thumps underfoot. I spark up the joint and exhale smoke over the fence. Skinny strands of clouds meander across the sky, like the galaxy just came on itself. There's tons of stars tonight. For a moment, everything is calm.

"My fucking license is revoked!" Blair barges outside, screaming into her phone. The door slams behind her. "And you know I don't get along with my mom..." She crouches low to the ground and lights a cigarette, shivering in the moonlight.

I walk back inside, where it's warm. Kiwi's onstage wiping the pole with a rag. Lil Wayne emanates from the booth. On my walk back to the dressing room, things are hazier than before, more dreamlike and misty. When I reemerge onto the club floor, I run into Kevin. >>

FREEMAGS.CC

Kevin and I have known each other for three years, about the length of time I've worked at the club. We've had an ongoing stripper-customer relationship. He's in sales and marketing.

"Oh, my God, Kevin!" I wrap my arms around him and drag him into the corner near Shawn's booth. "You need to help me with something."

"What's that, love?" He brushes a silvery strand of hair from his eye.

"My thong," I bend over in front of him. "It's all twisted."

Kevin spanks my ass, hard. "Are you coming to have a drink or what?" he says.

"I think I have to go onstage," I pout. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Shawn pacing around the DJ booth, looking for something on the floor.

"Next coming to the stage is..." Shawn grabs the mic, wipes sweat from his brow. "Next coming to the stage is...Cherry! Get over here, Cherry."

"I was just onstage." Cherry lunges toward the booth, holding a shot of whiskey.

"This job is going to kill me," Shawn says. "Can't Get You Out of My Head" by Kylie Minogue whips around the room like a boomerang.

"Yeah, okay," I put my arm around Kevin's waist. "I guess we can go." We walk away, get drinks from the bar and sit in the lounge area at the very back of the club.

"A lot has happened since I saw you last," I say and sit on Kevin's lap. "I went to New York City for the weekend and looked for gloryholes in Chelsea."

"Did you find any?"

"Yeah."

A song by The Weeknd starts. Cherry walks onstage in a neon-pink one-piece and sprays the pole with alcohol. To me, Kevin is the sexiest man who comes to the club. Even though he's married and middle-aged and all that, I would totally fuck him. In fact, I have sexual fantasies about him all the time.

"We should have sex," I say, "in the library downtown."

"The library? Yes, that would be pretty hot." We're both silent for a second, just holding hands and staring at the entrance to the club.

"Maybe I should give all of this up," I say. "And get a normal job."

"Normal is overrated," Kevin says. "What would you do?"

I start thinking about all the things out there that I could be doing, should be doing, instead of wasting my youth inside this hellhole. I always want Kevin to reassure me and give me some hope for the future, but he usually ends up validating my reasons for self-destruction.

"Work at a publishing company, maybe," I tell him. "Writers are pretty damn sexy."

"Sexiness is important in a job," Kevin says.

"Fawn to the stage," calls Shawn on the speaker. "Fawn."

"Ugh!" I smooth my tight dress.

"It's okay," Kevin says. "I'll come and tip you."

I give him a hug. "Be right back."

I go onstage. The room is bathed in neon-pink light. There's a bunch of guys here, and they're all looking at me, but I don't know if they actually see me. Besides Kevin, I recognize the man in an argyle sweater, sitting at the bar. He does half-hour dances, but continuously squeezes your skin head-to-toe until you feel about ready to die. There's also a few regular customers, the ones who drink a lot and may or may not pay attention to me. Other than that, the club is empty. The dancer-to-customer ratio is almost three-to-one.

I spin around the pole in my magenta side-tie G-string. A song by Rihanna is on. The night is flowing like a calm, peaceful stream. But in a place like this, where hedonism rules, the mood can change in a heartbeat.

I do a split on the floor and accept a few singles from the familiar man in argyle.

"Thanks, hon," I say into his ear. I smell like weed, sweat and sex. "I missed you."

Tomorrow I'll wake up to a bunch of texts from unsaved numbers, some saying "I love you" and others saying "Nice to have met you" and one saying "You are a very special lady." I depend on these ever-changing customers.

"Aw, thank you, babe," I say to a lumberjack-esque man I didn't notice before. "What's your name?"

"Barry," he answers.

In the wall mirror behind Barry, I see Kevin and Eve walking up to Antoine's podium.

What the fuck, I'm thinking. *Why the fuck is Kevin taking Eve in the back? He's been my customer. Mine. And now I get BETRAYED. He is definitely going to get a piece of my mind.* My mood goes from calm to crazy to bitchy, then back down again. *Get a grip. Don't go fucking psycho. Smoke a cig, take a Xanax.*

The biggest rule to remember is, Do not get attached.

"I like my men how I like my jeans," I say while grinding on Petey, a nice regular. "Ripped." I pull up his shirt to expose his abs, which are actually pretty ripped because Petey does construction.

"Fawn, you're a sex queen," he says while peeling back the tape on my nipple.

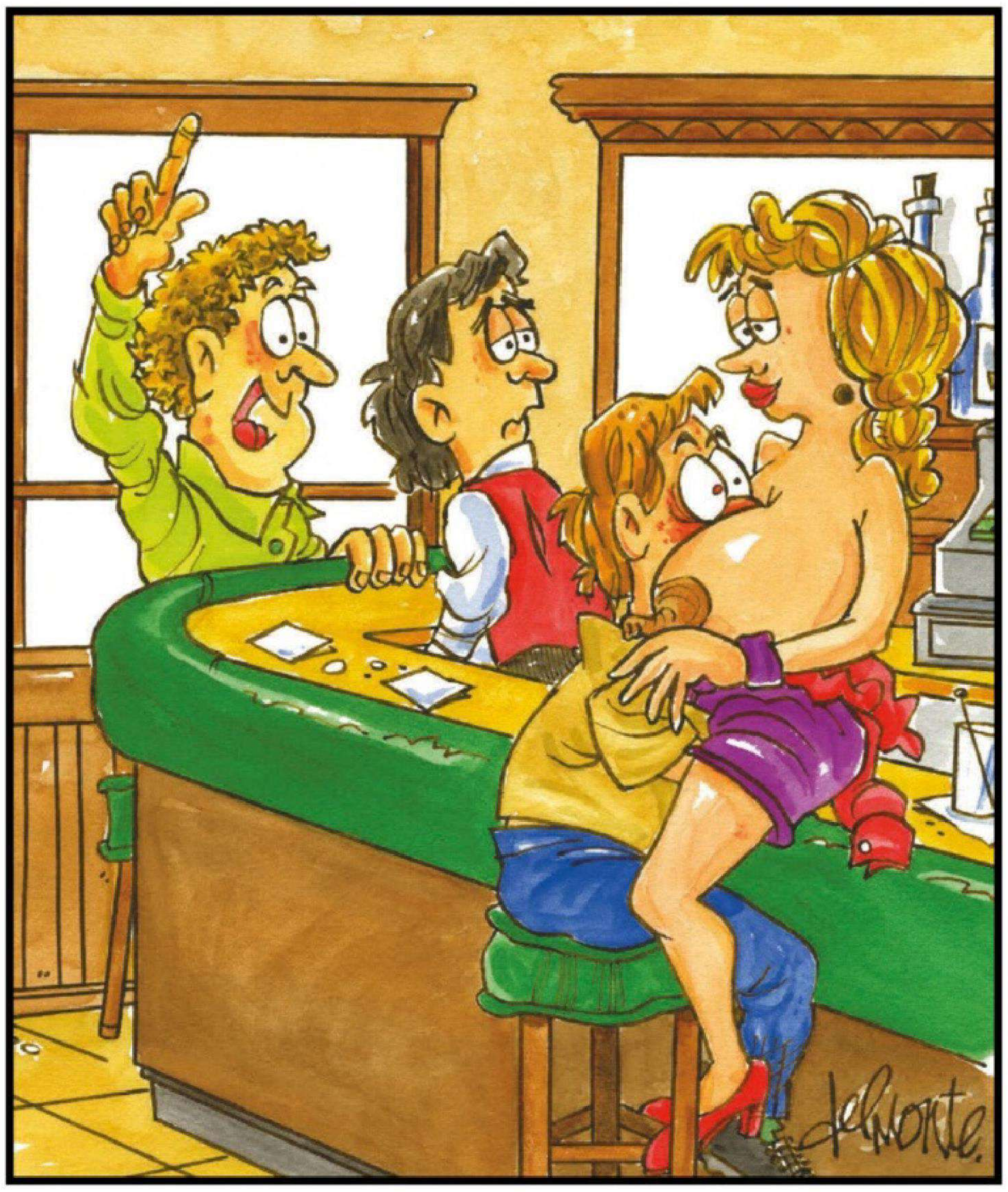
"Fuck, yeah, I am." I trail my hand over his crotch teasingly.

I'm in the Platinum Room with Petey. He unzips his pants, and I'm too drunk to care.

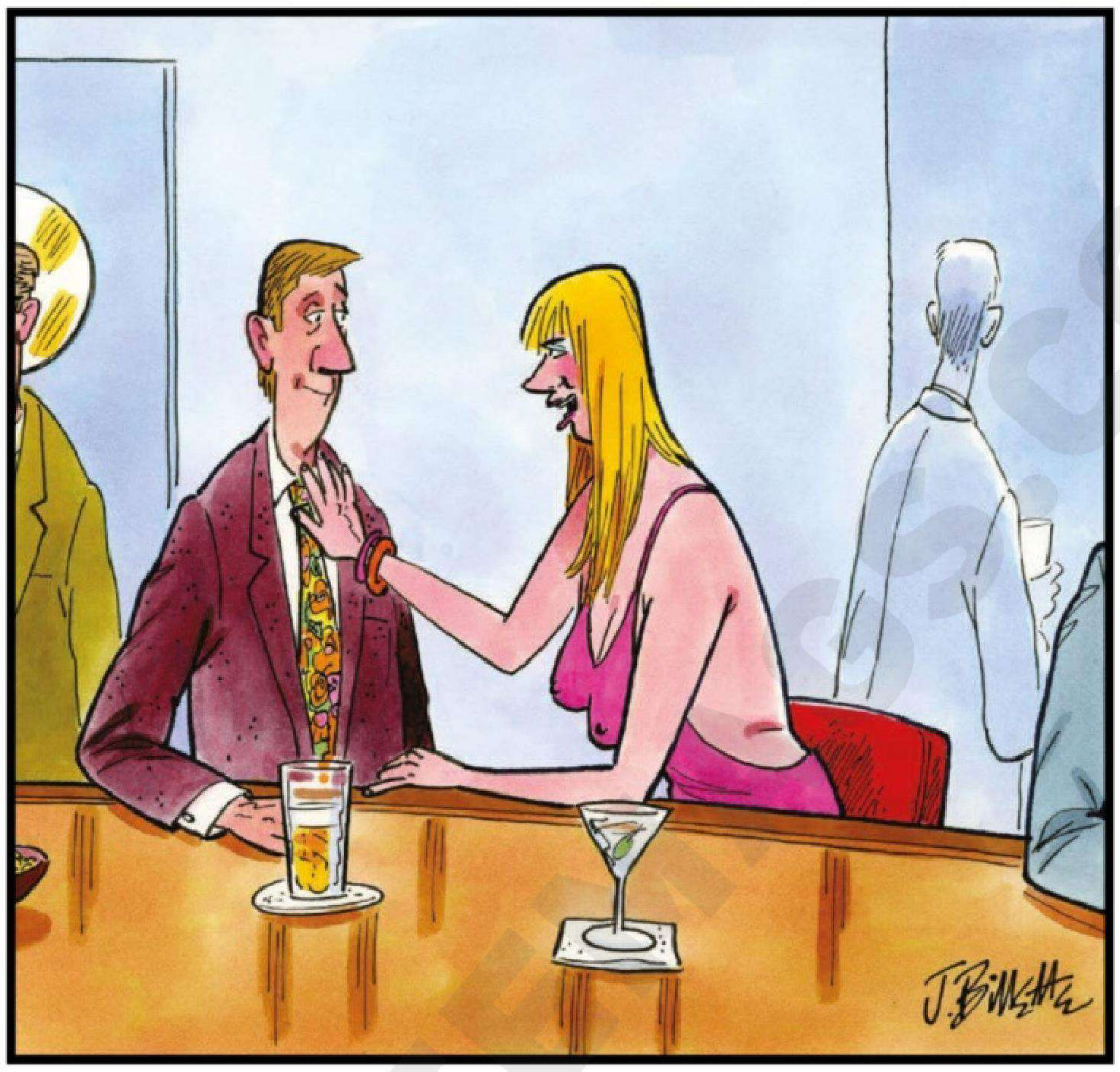
"I won't take my dick out," he says. "You can trust me."

Another rule to remember is, Trust no one.

I'm grinding on Petey's cock through his boxers like I want to get fucked. I just need to keep going until time is up. Maybe someday I'll meet a man who makes me choose between a relationship with him or this life. But for right now all I have is this back room. All I have is a fleeting wine buzz and the quick dopamine rush of fast money and wet dreams. Hard cocks and cheap perfume. The club can take you up to the highest high, but there is always a crash in the end. Some girls land on their feet, while others disappear and are never heard from again.



"Barkeep, I'll have what he's having!"

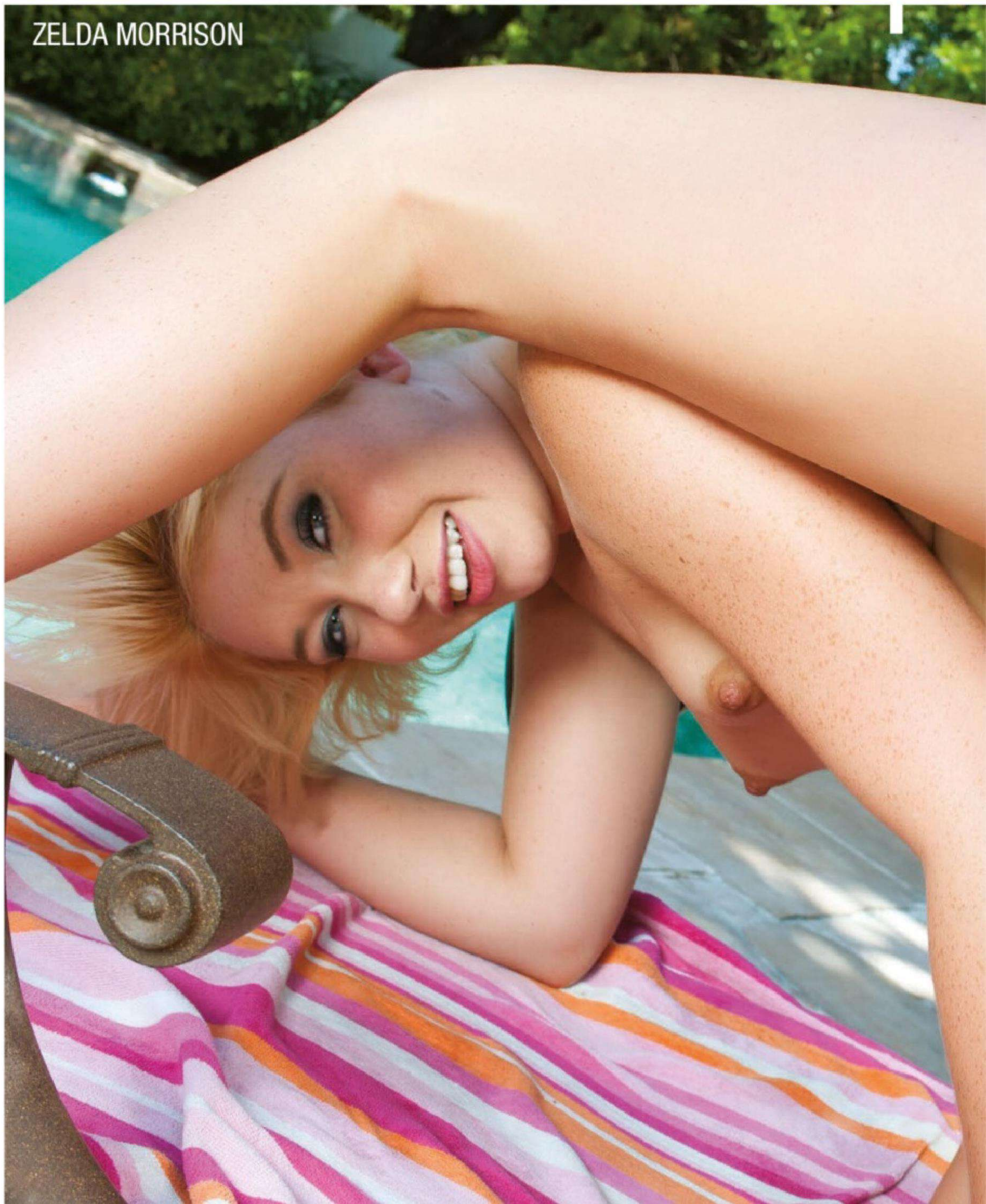


"I want to meet an aggressive guy who will slam me up against a wall, press his body to mine and then lean in and whisper in my ear, 'I want to clean your apartment!'"

PRETTY HOT, PRETTY DIRTY

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: KIRSTEN LEE, KENZIE GREENE, ZELDA MORRISON, ELENA KOSHKA, ALEC KNIGHT, LUCAS FROST, TOMMY GUNN & EVAN STONE.

Sweet little hotties take loads to their bodies in *Pretty Hot, Pretty Dirty*. The feast of female flesh begins with Kirsten Lee, a petite wonderfully dirty blonde. Lee—who plays a delivery girl tasked with ushering a chicken sandwich to a music exec's home—isn't for the dedicated tit aficionado; you practically need an electron microscope to locate her breasts. Nonetheless, it's nice to see a gender-flipping take on the threadbare pizza-boy porn trope. While she's busy delivering food to the overprivileged, Lee enjoys a meal herself, choking down the exec's beefsteak burrito as she kneads his nut sac like she's working pizza dough. Mr. Producer screws her as hard as he would a naive songwriter, folding her knees-to-shoulders and plowing his way to a cream pie. Next comes ditzy blonde Kenzie Greene—vapid and in need of constant validation—in short, easy pickings for a keen-eyed horndog. Overeager, self-conscious and absolutely perfect, Greene allows her peach to be split wide open by a photographer tasked with snapping her for an online profile. Greene's moans ring as hollow as her head, but no matter. *Pretty Hot, Pretty Dirty* won't win any Oscars, but it's pretty fucking good nonetheless. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com** to order. **—Pico D. Ribibi**



ZELDA MORRISON

ELENA KOSHKA

KENZIE GREENE

KIRSTEN LEE

FREEMA

SARAH BANKS &
SEPTEMBER REIGN

CHANELL HEART & YASMINE DE LEON

MISTY STONE

ETHNICITY

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: MISTY STONE, KIRA NOIR, OSA LOVELY, CHANELL HEART, SARAH BANKS, SADIE SANTANA, SEPTEMBER REIGN, JEZABEL VESSIR, YASMINE DE LEON, PRINCE YAHSHUA, NAT TURNHER, TYLER KNIGHT, RICKY JOHNSON, EDDIE JAYE, DIRK HUGE & STALLION.

Black loads splatter in *Ethnicity*, a semi-mournful paean to the perils of modern city living. Director Brad Armstrong does an admirable job of capturing the complexities of urban screwing. With an impressive cinematic scope, *Ethnicity* is what John Singleton might have produced if he took a wrong turn into Porn Valley after making *Boyz n the Hood*. Prince Yahshua plays Marcus, an athlete on the skids whose mental state is a few shades darker than Lamar Odom's when he wandered coma-bound into a Nevada brothel. A well-acted hip-hopera on the level of *Empire* unfolds, chronicling the enticements and perils of thug life, with an inevitably tragic conclusion. But enough about plot. How's the twat? Not bad, as it turns out. Doe-eyed, chocolate-skinned enchantress Osa Lovely is a particular delight to watch as she's put through her sexual paces. Despite the erotic heat, *Ethnicity*, with all of its focus on being conscious, ends up half-awake. Naming Marcus's football team the Cali Silverbacks seems like a needlessly cheap, racist joke, and lines like "The ways to a bitch's heart is always through some nice new ice" don't help much either. Armstrong seems to be splitting the difference between sneering plantation owner and concerned social worker here, and as a result there are more than a few shades of gray involved. *Ethnicity* will likely jolt your conscience along with your libido. **—P.D.R.**

OSA LOVELY

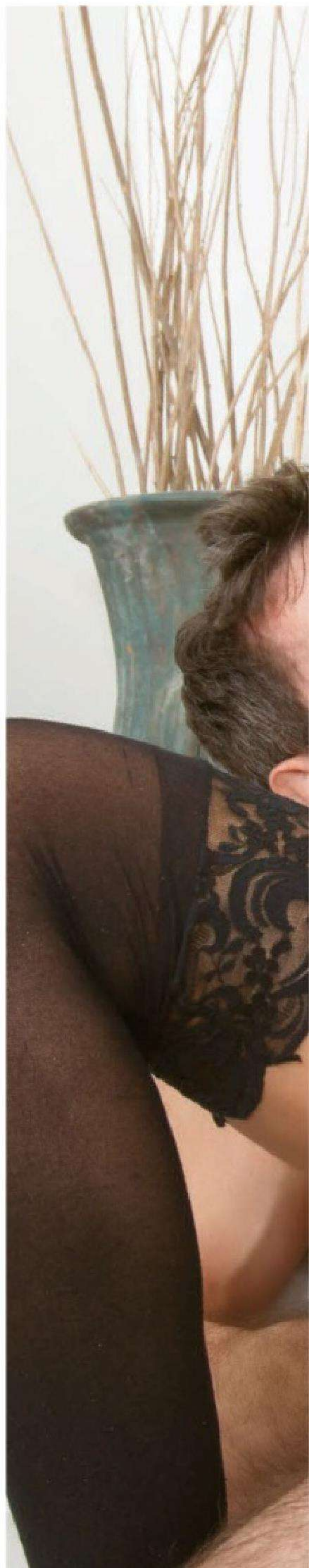
MISSY MARTINEZ

BRA BUSTERS 8

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: ANGELA WHITE, OLIVIA AUSTIN, KAYLA KAYDEN, MISSY MARTINEZ, MANUEL FERRARA, RAMON NOMAR & CHRIS STROKES

If *Bra Busters 8* proves anything, it's that the phrase "It's the tits" isn't always such a great thing. At least there's truth in advertising: *Bra Busters 8* delivers top-heavy trollops whose weighty teat-meat could probably shift the Earth's gravitational pull. But the erotic gourmet must ask, what's better, the greasy offerings of an all-you-can-eat buffet or a sumptuous mouthful that you'll remember as one of the prime sensual experiences of your lifetime? Case in point: trout-lipped blonde Kayla Kayden, whose overinflated jugs hang from her supple frame and look much like the type of sandbags used in a Louisiana hurricane. Ultra-endowed Angela White is bound to have one hell of a time when she's 70 and pinching her nipples under the legs of her walker, but for the time being she's subjected to a more painful activity: the sexual abandon of Manuel Ferrara. Their scene resembles a jiu-jitsu session as they wrap their bodies around each other in carnal combat. Voluptuous Latina Missy Martinez provides some respite from the dreary proceedings, taking a pounding to her *culo* until it gapes open like a particularly compromised section of the U.S.-Mexico border wall. But despite its occasional charms, *Bra Busters 8* will ultimately leave viewers sighing, *No thanks for the mammaries.* —P.D.R.

KAYLA KAYDEN



OLIVIA AUSTIN

ANGELA WHITE

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ARIA
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"Off camera I'm a nature girl. I used to keep and breed birds—that was a crazy challenge! Growing up, I was superathletic and played every sport, so I need to run, hike and play tennis on a regular basis. I have a lot of energy to burn, which is probably why fucking around the clock works just fine for me."

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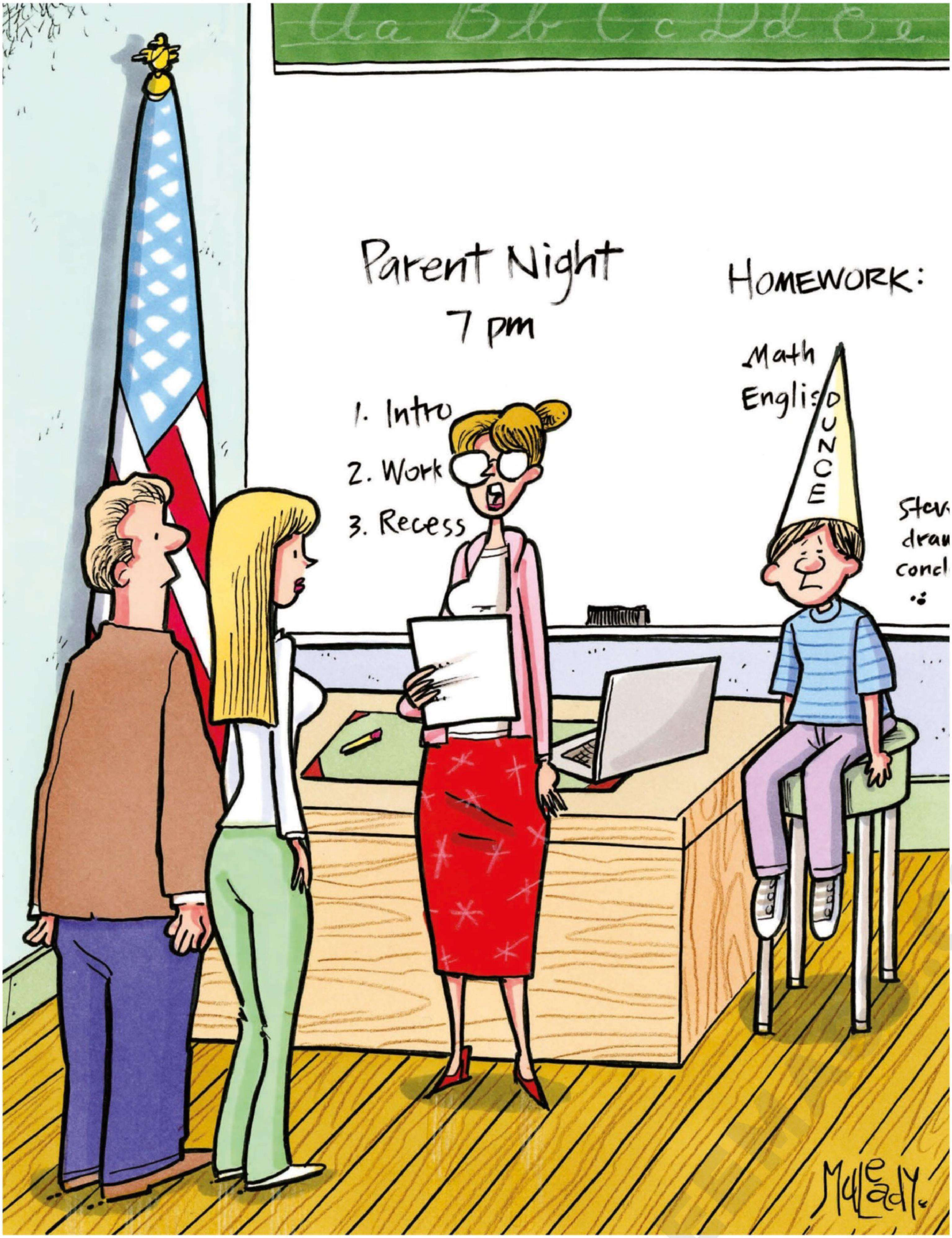
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MISTY MATRIX

"When I first looked at a HUSTLER," 21-year-old Misty Matrix recalls, "I became an instant fan. I thought all the girls were beautiful, and I wanted to be in the magazine myself." As you can see, the Mankato, Minnesota, native's dream has come true. "I'm sweet, flirty, seductive, frisky and bisexual," the 5-foot-4 newbie tells us. "I love working out and keeping my body in the best condition possible. I also enjoy cooking and watching porn." Misty has no interest in becoming the next Jenna Jameson, but she's a true-blue sex goddess. "I used to work at a small lingerie store in my hometown," Misty continues. "Now I have an awesome job where I take off my clothes and get very, very personal. I'm a legal courtesan at the Moonlite BunnyRanch [in Carson City, Nevada]. I may not be your cup of tea, but I'll sure be your shot of whiskey! I love going down on men and learning positions that I've never tried before. But a lot of guys like doggy-style, which makes it my favorite as well because seeing them having a good time turns me on too." Misty has one more revelation: "On my birthday I always like to have sex with someone new. It's been a tradition of mine since high school." *—Photos by Harry Connor*

"I may not be your cup of tea, but I'll sure be your shot of whiskey!"

"I've always wanted to give a pizza delivery guy a surprise threesome with me and another girl. My other fantasy is being in an orgy. I've never done that before!"

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RITZY

Ritzy, 26, from Austin, Texas, isn't a comedian, but she has a knack for making people laugh: "My friends think it's funny that I'll suggest going to a horror flick and then be the first one to cover my face before something scary happens." Covering her 5-foot-3 body is another story. "I love being naked where it's risky," bi-curious Ritzy avows. "One time a guy fucked me in his car with the windows rolled down. People were walking by, and I was loud. It was so thrilling, I began looking for places to have sex besides on a bed. My favorite is being bent over the hood of a car." Ritzy is a cosmetologist, but she's nailed the porn star repertoire: "I'm always up for performing oral on a guy, fucking doggy-style and receiving a facial." Is anal scary? "Not at all," Ritzy asserts. "It makes a booty call even sweeter." *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"My fantasy is to have sex with a guy I like a lot on a beach in Hawaii or Florida."

Twitter/Instagram: @MagentaPrex
Website: MagentaPrex.com

MAGENTA PREX

"I've spent a lot of time being naked outdoors," admits Magenta Prex, 31, from Chicago, Illinois. "I grew up in the country, and my first boyfriend and I often had sex out in the fields. I *love* nature. It energizes me." No wonder the 5-foot-6 travel and cooking buff chose a ranch setting to introduce herself. But Magenta doesn't feed horses or muck stables for a living. "I'm a perpetually curious sex educator and researcher," she explains. "That's how I've gotten into many kink scenes and learned so much. Each person is a complex puzzle of lifestyles, interests and baggage." Magenta's puzzle seems enigmatic: "I'm a nerd and a Trekkie. *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* is my favorite, and I love *Doctor Who*, *The Lord of the Rings* movies, RTS [real-time strategy] games and *Game of Thrones*. I'm also bi and polyamorous. I have lovers in many states and around the world, and they all know about each other. I especially adore group sex, and I'm a pain slut." Having an audience enthralls Magenta, whose findings have been published in *The Journal of Sexual Medicine*: "At a Seattle sex club, about two dozen dudes formed a circle around me and wanked away while I was masturbating on my blankie. I'm a mutualist. I really get off when others are pleasured as well. I hope your readers are just as enthused when they see me in my birthday suit." —*Photos by Friend*

"I want to celebrate my youthful beauty as much as possible while I have it. Posing nude lets folks see me at my prime."

"One of my fantasies is to be ordered to strip, then not move or speak until it's permitted. That idea really turns me on because it's so much the opposite of how I usually am. I'm super-acrobatic during sex!"

TIFFANY

Fans of female pubic hair will certainly admire Tiffany, 26, from Sunrise, Florida. "I like it natural down there," professes the adorable reminder of *Beaver Hunt*'s early years, when bald pussies were few and far between. "I love being naked, and I love it even more when I get to turn on HUSTLER readers," the 5-foot-5 Sunshine Stater raves. "My hobbies are singing, rollerblading and watching the Discovery Channel," Tiffany adds. As for sex, she fesses up, "I'm a big tease and flirt. I'm straight, I like a good manhandling with a guy who knows what the heck he's doing, and my fantasy is to have sex on a raft in the middle of a lake." Tiffany is a terrific HUSTLER discovery! *—Photos by Friend*

"I love being naked, and I love it even more when I get to turn on HUSTLER readers."

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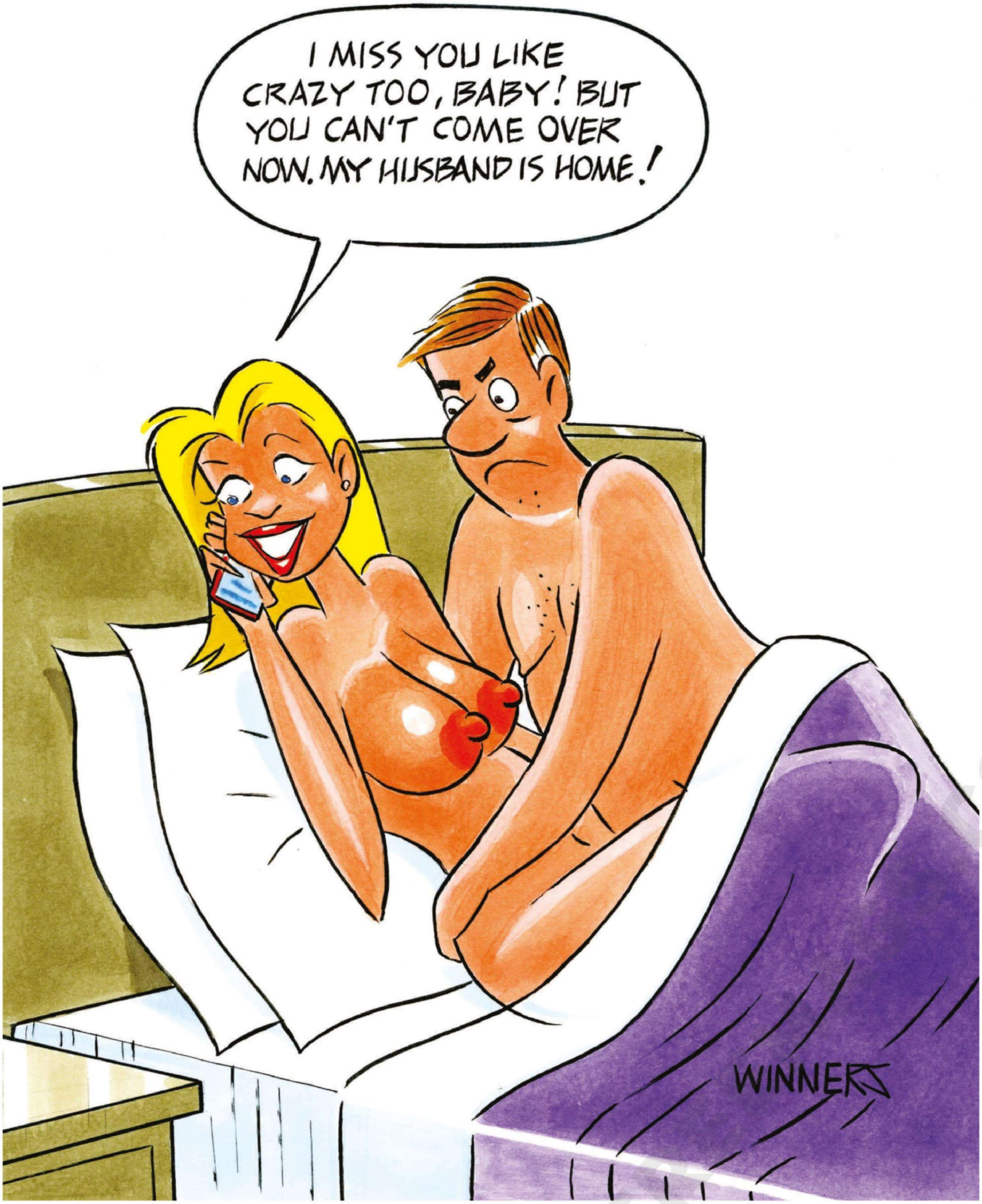
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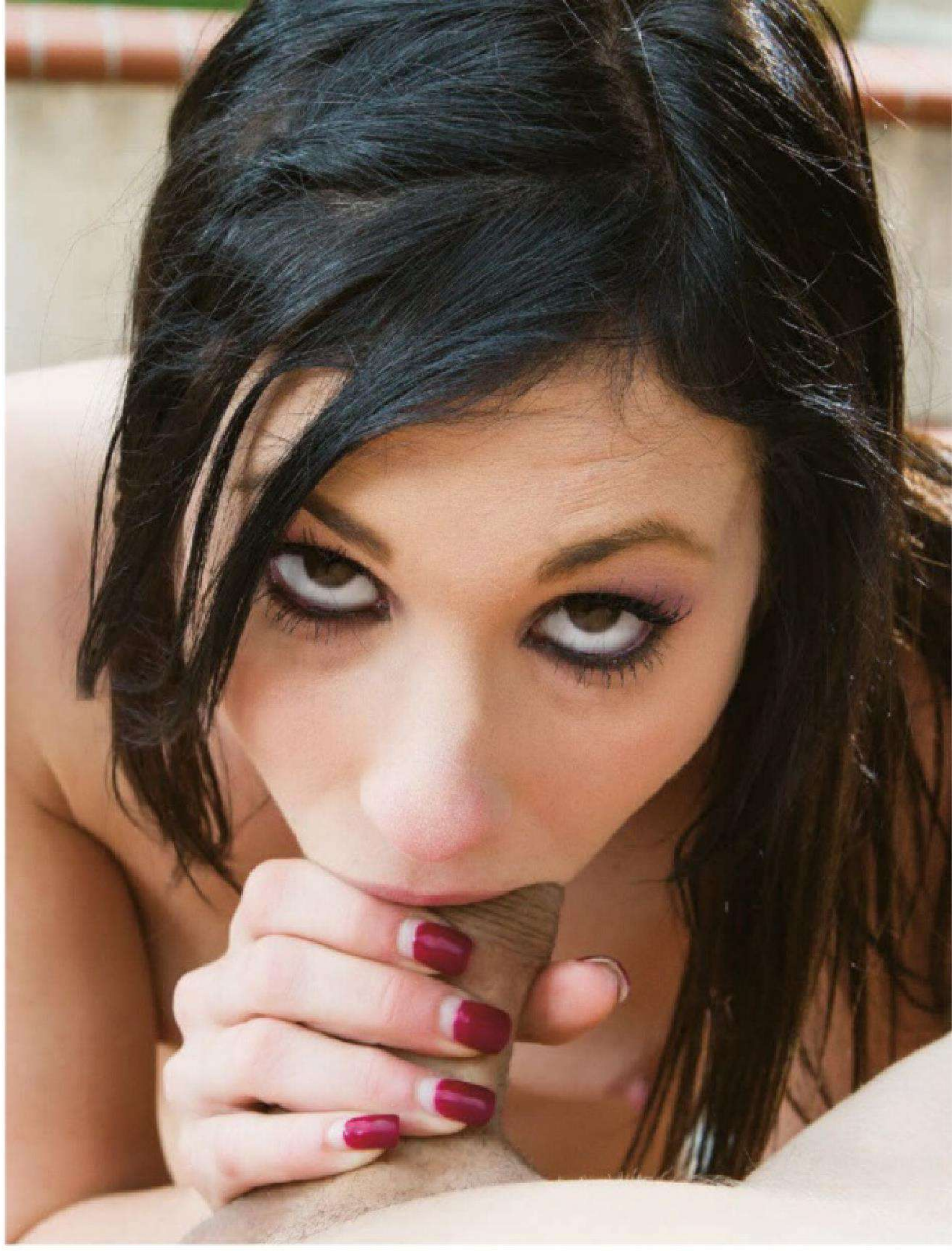

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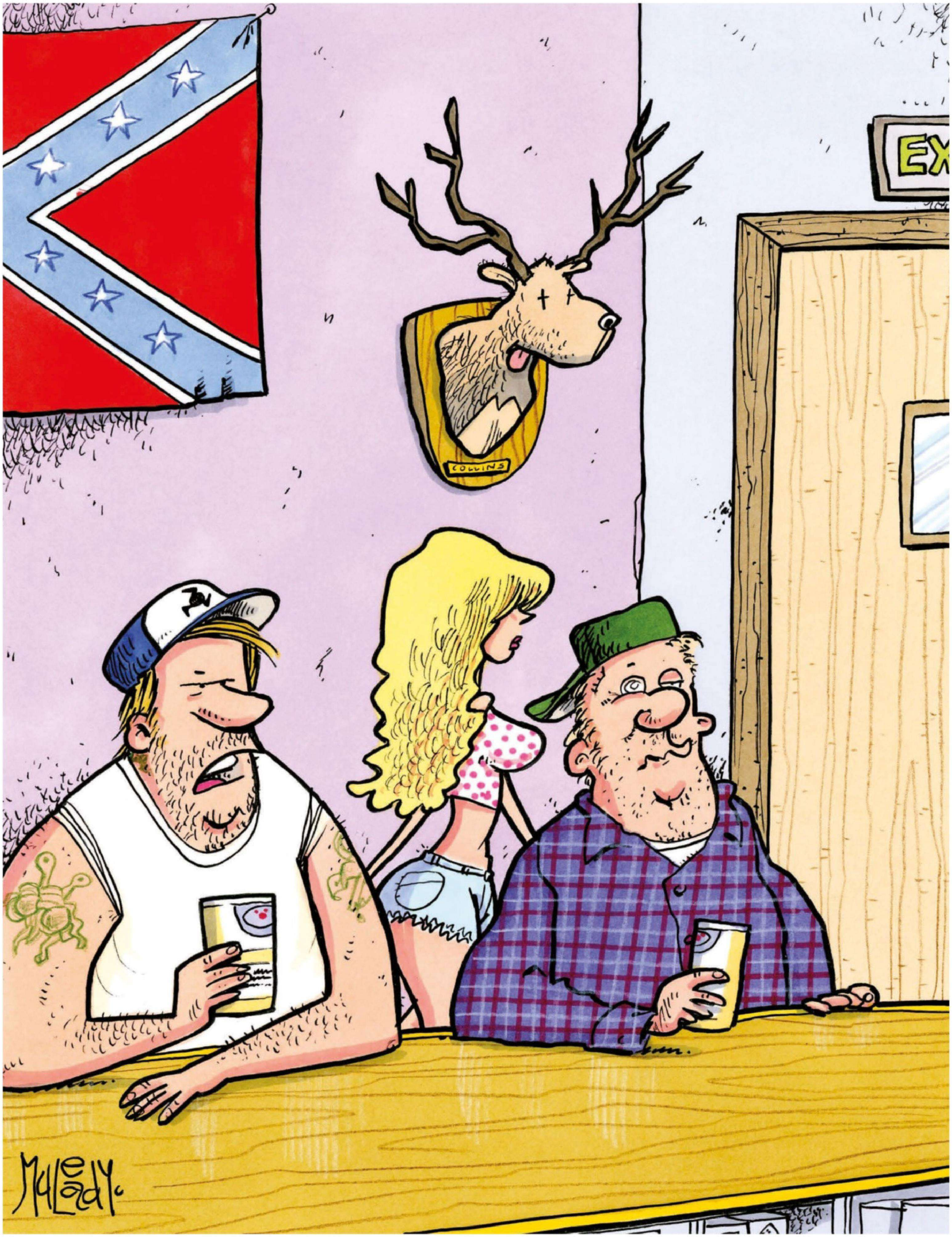
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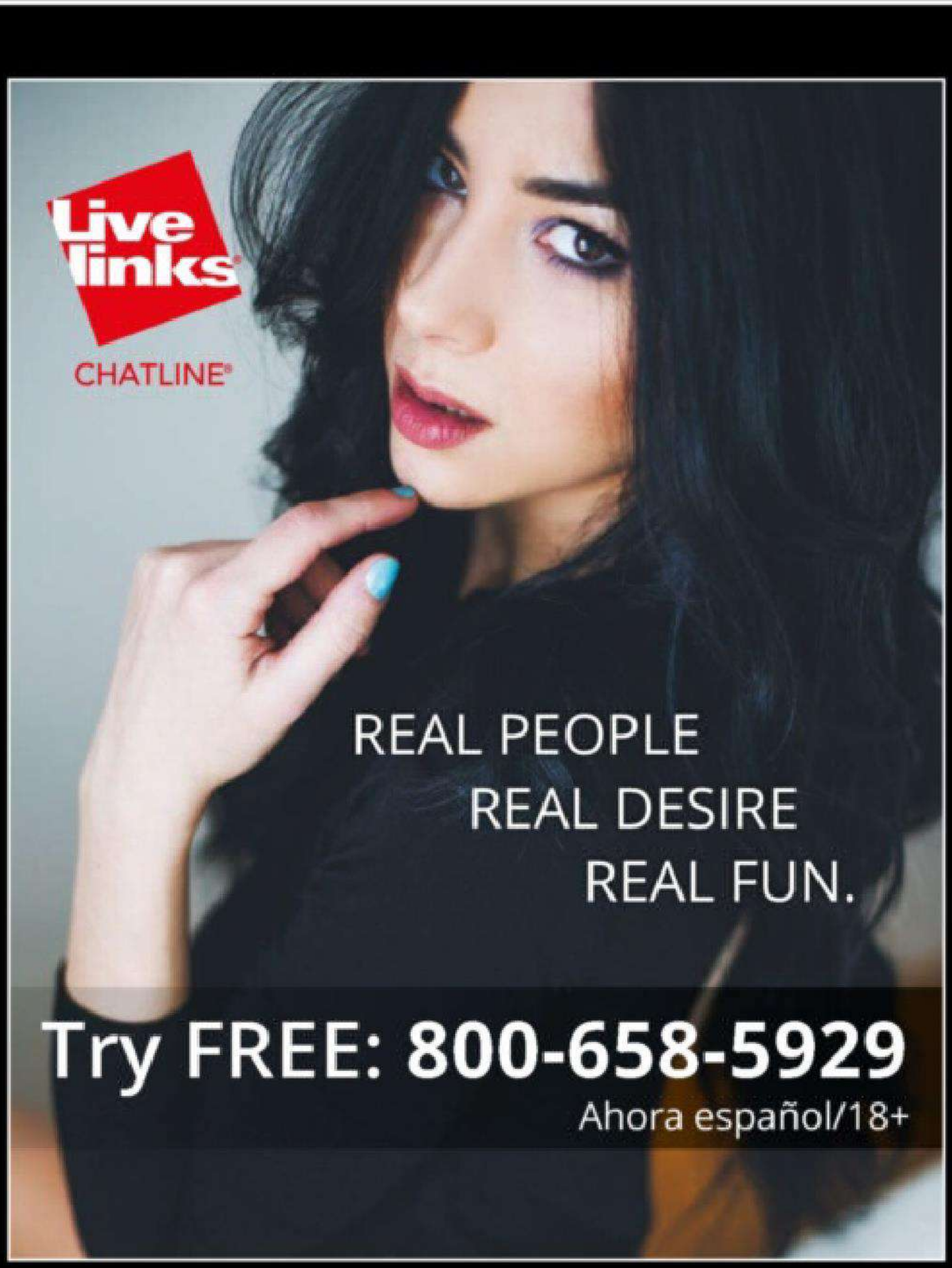

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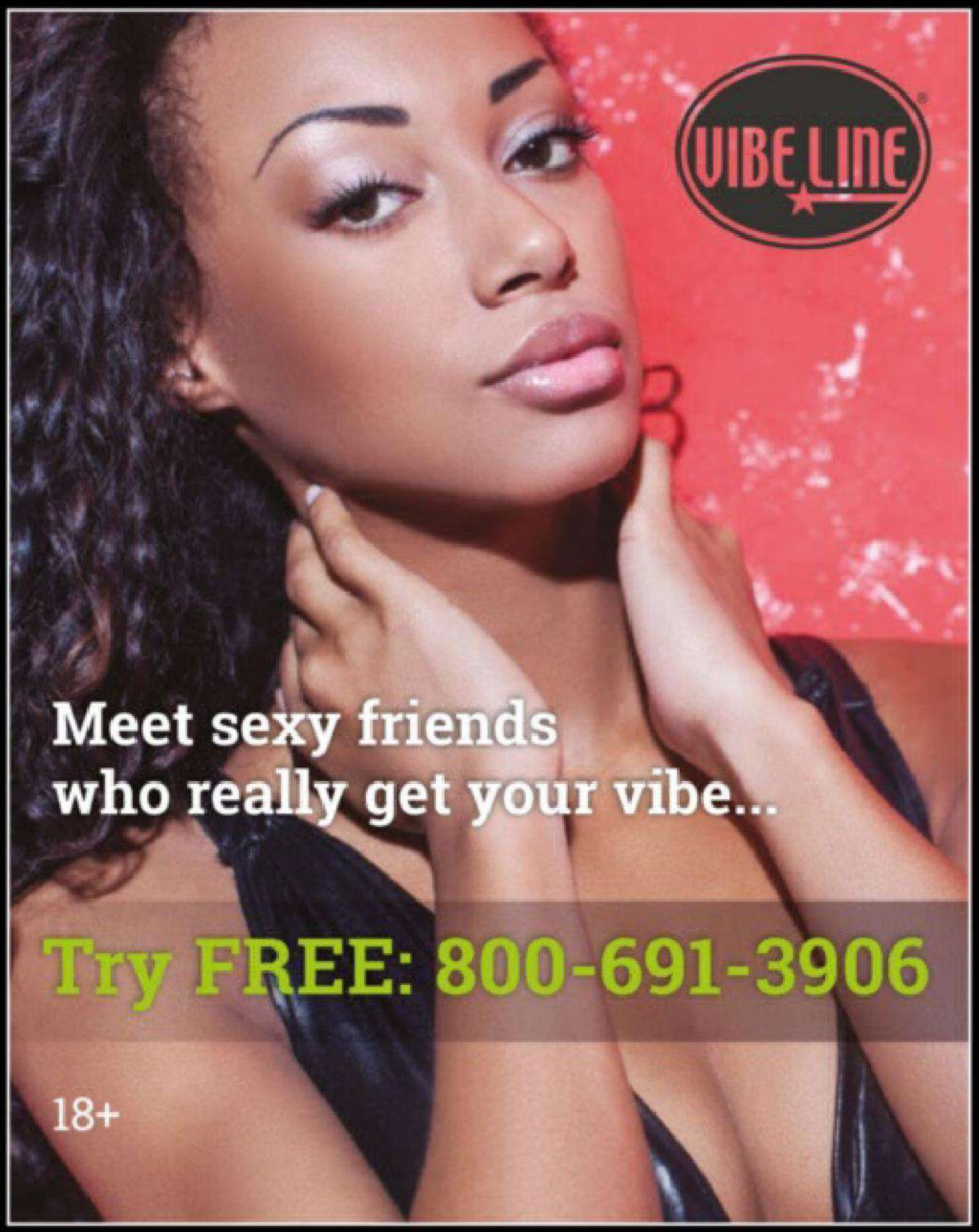

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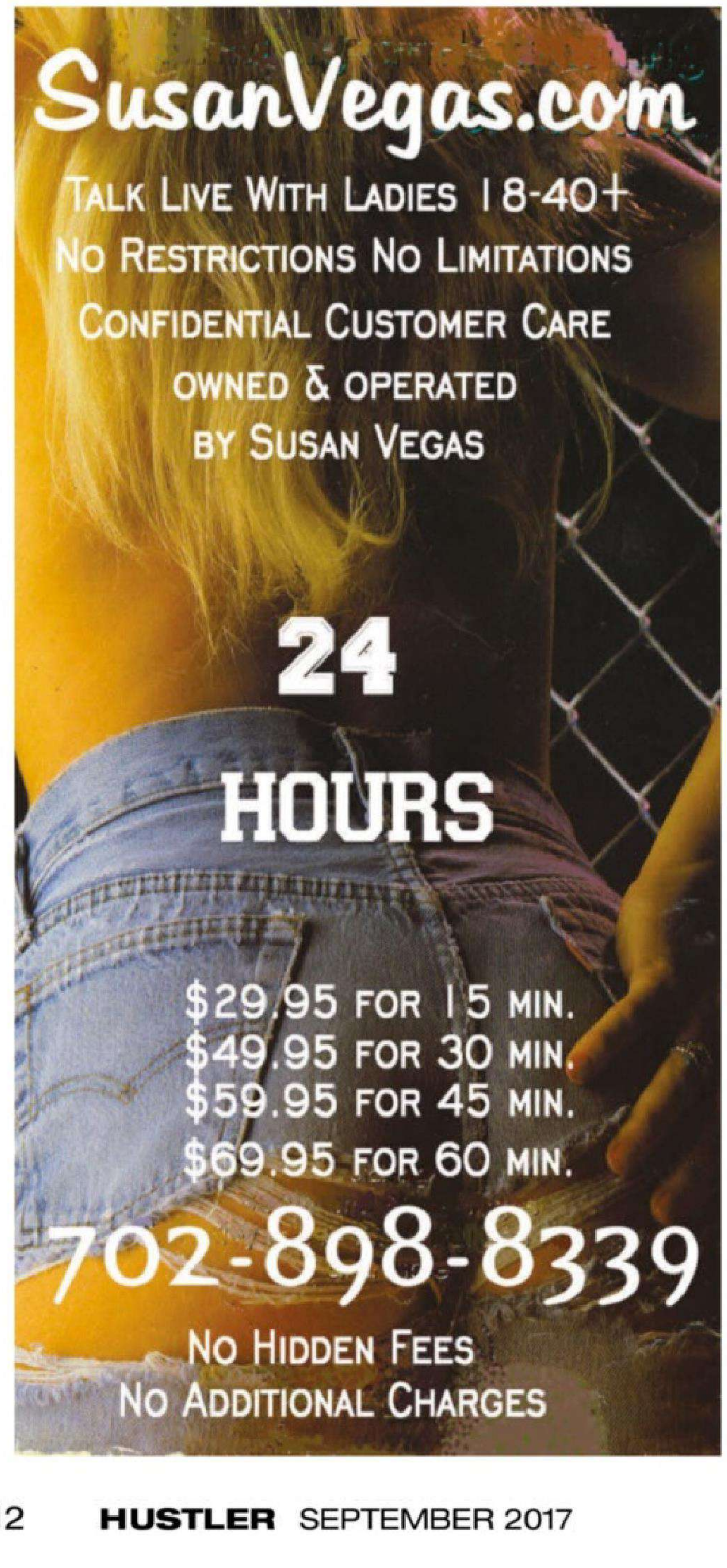

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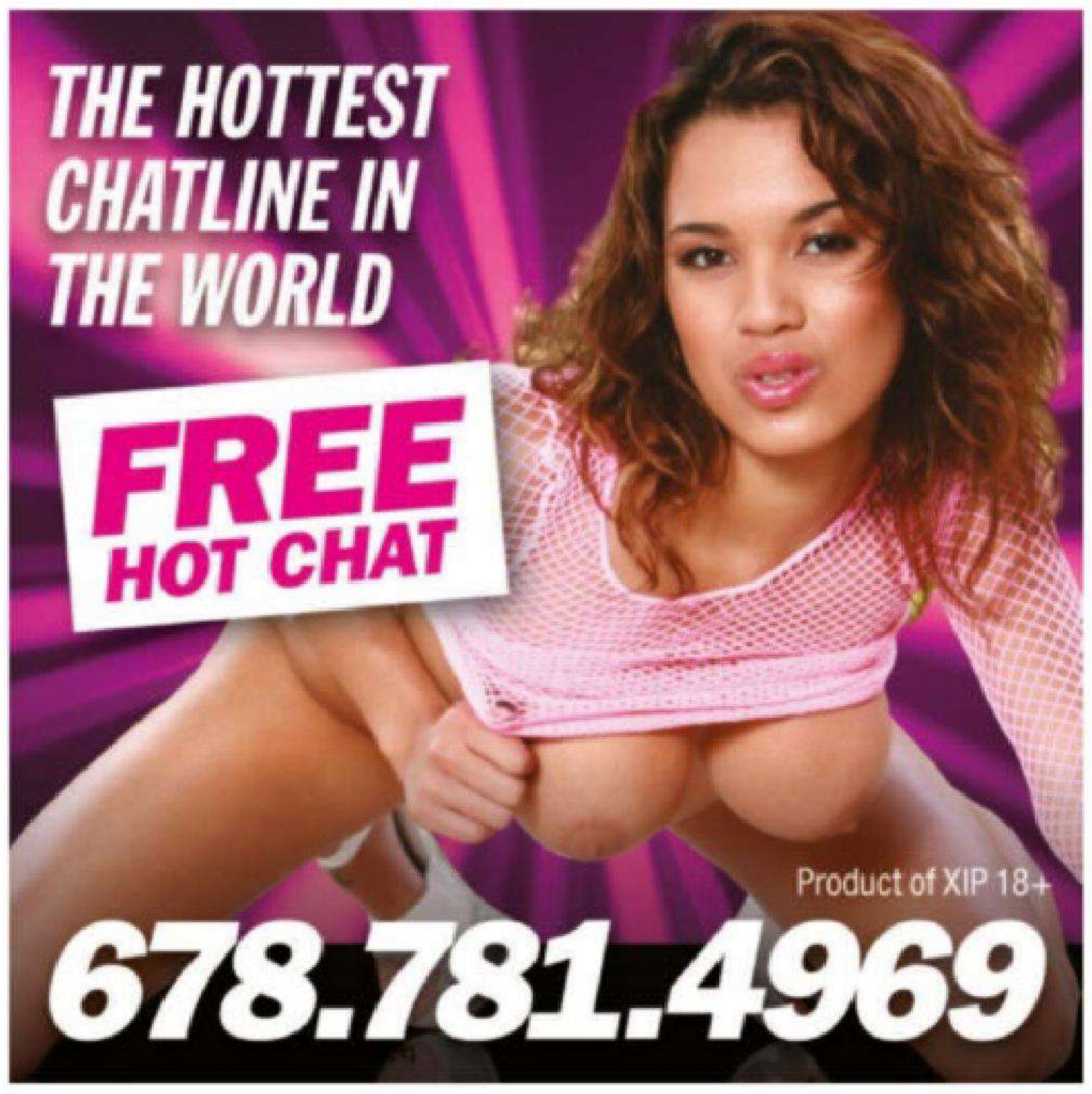

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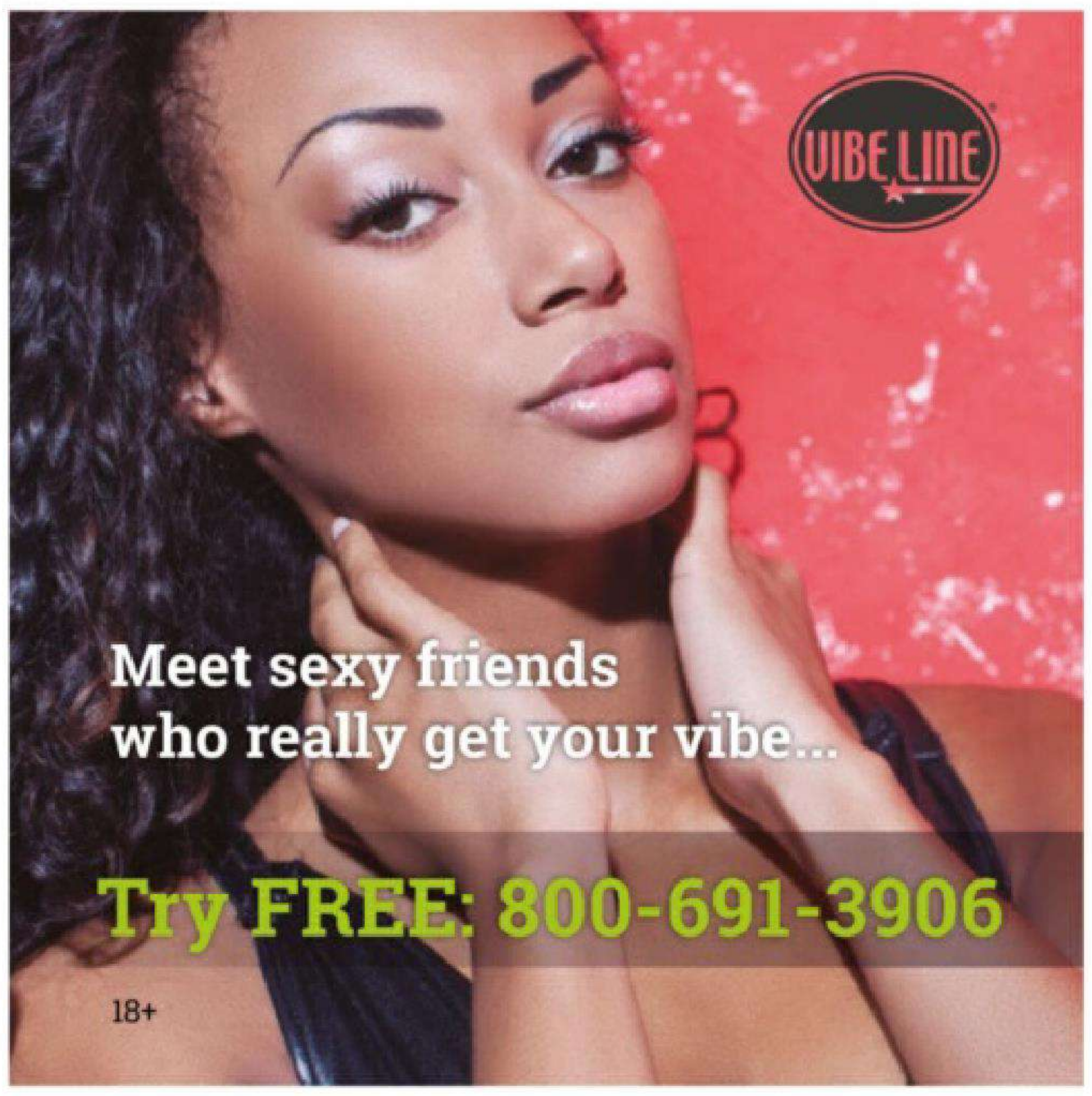
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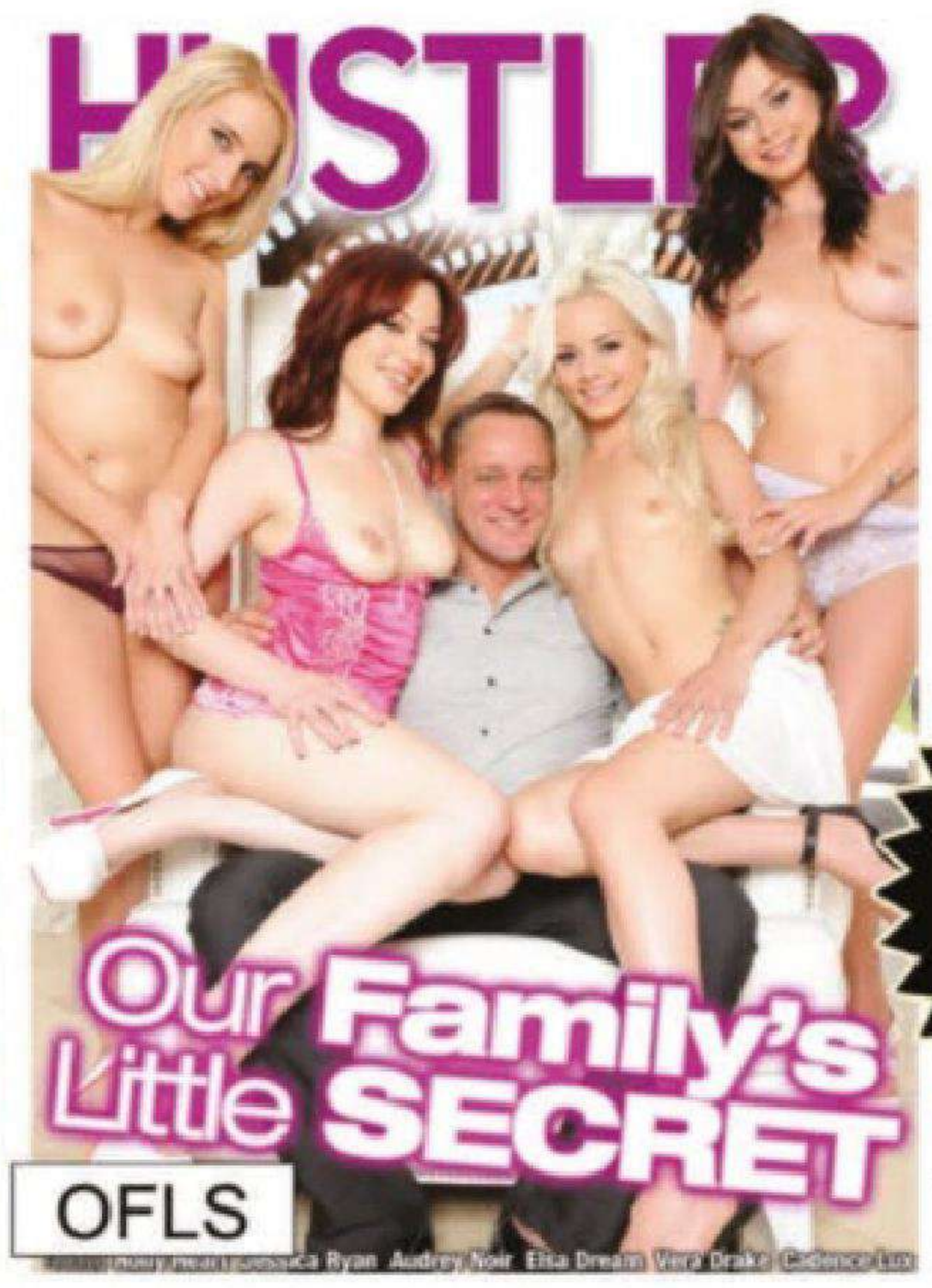
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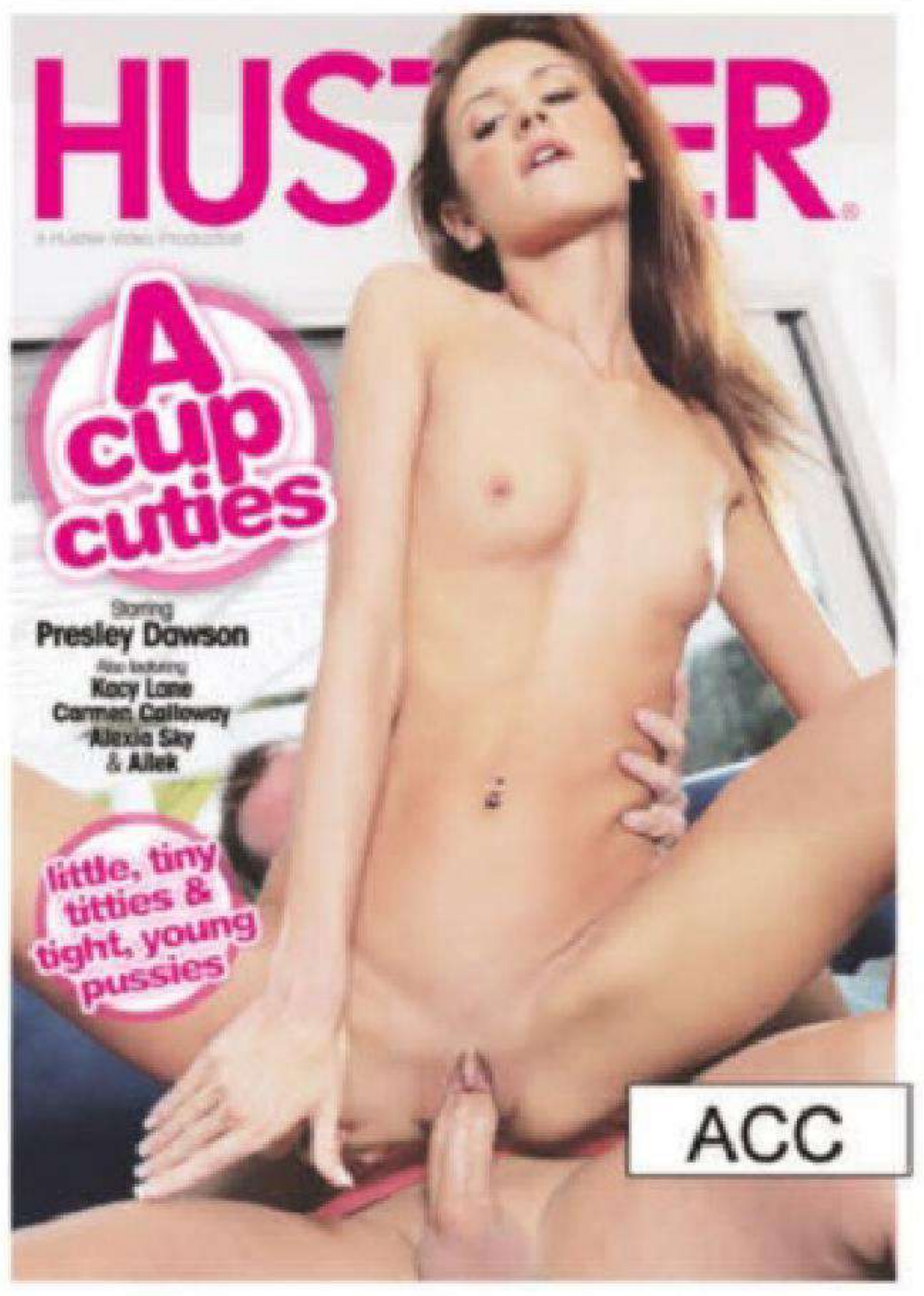
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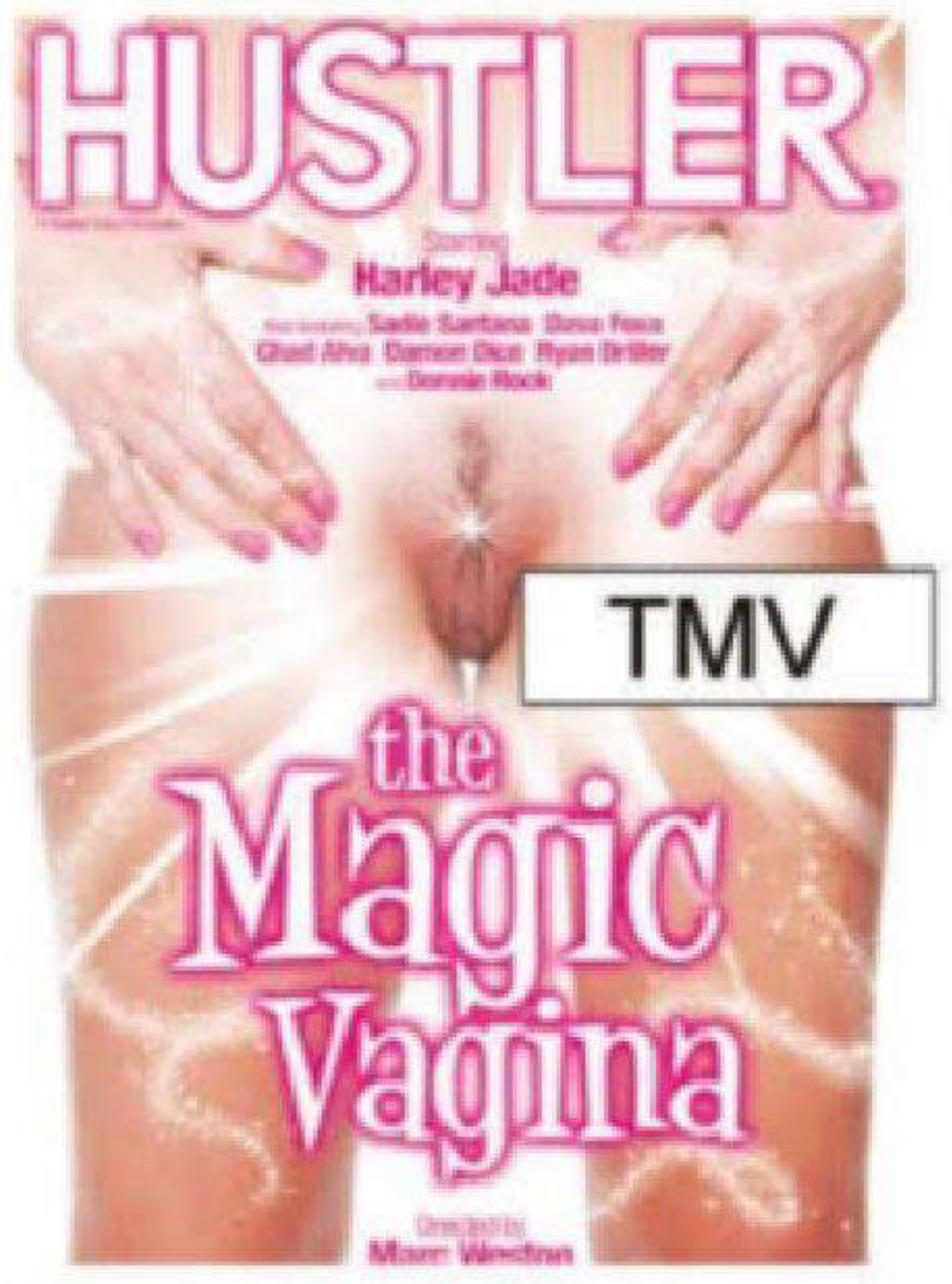
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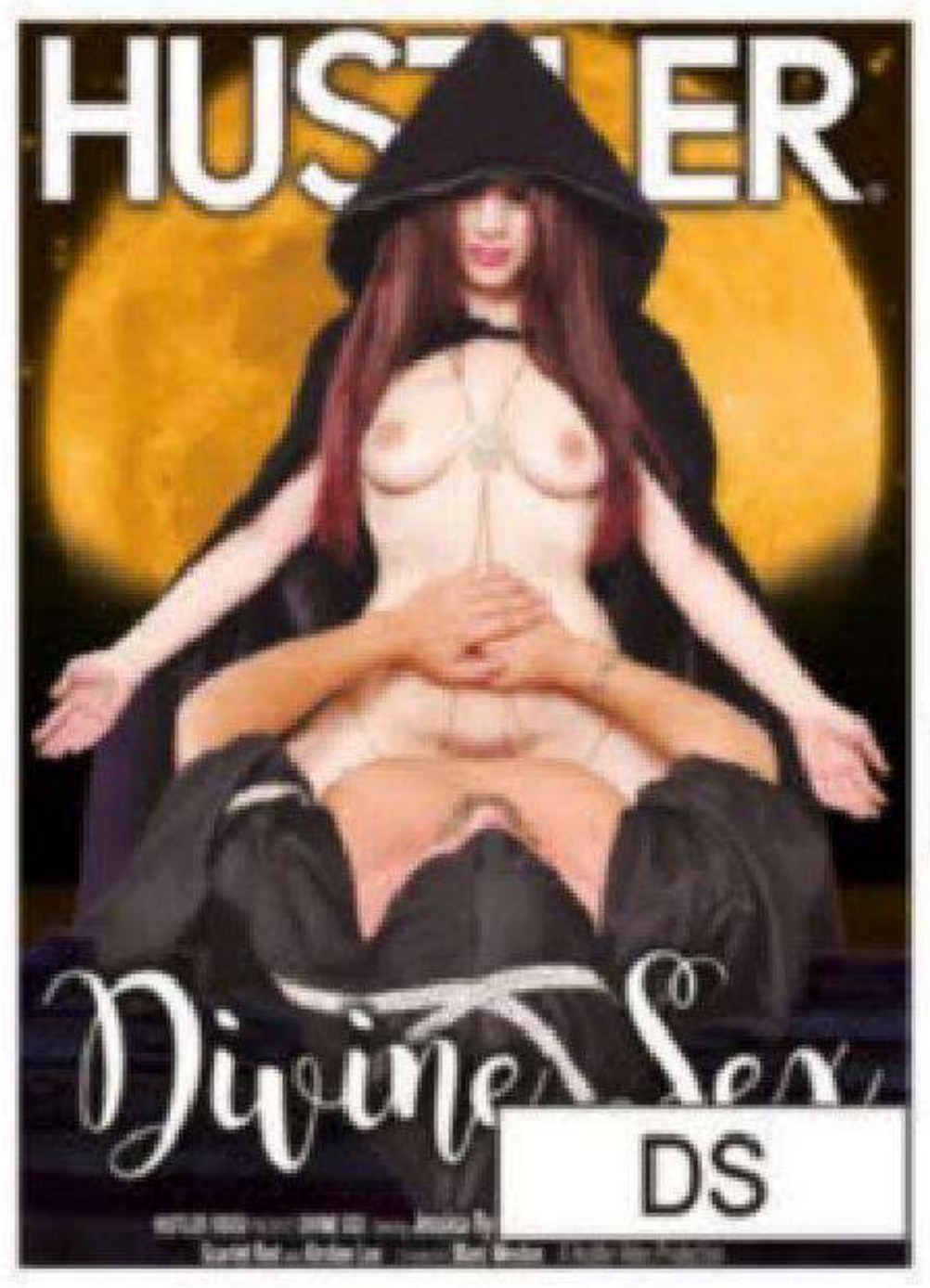
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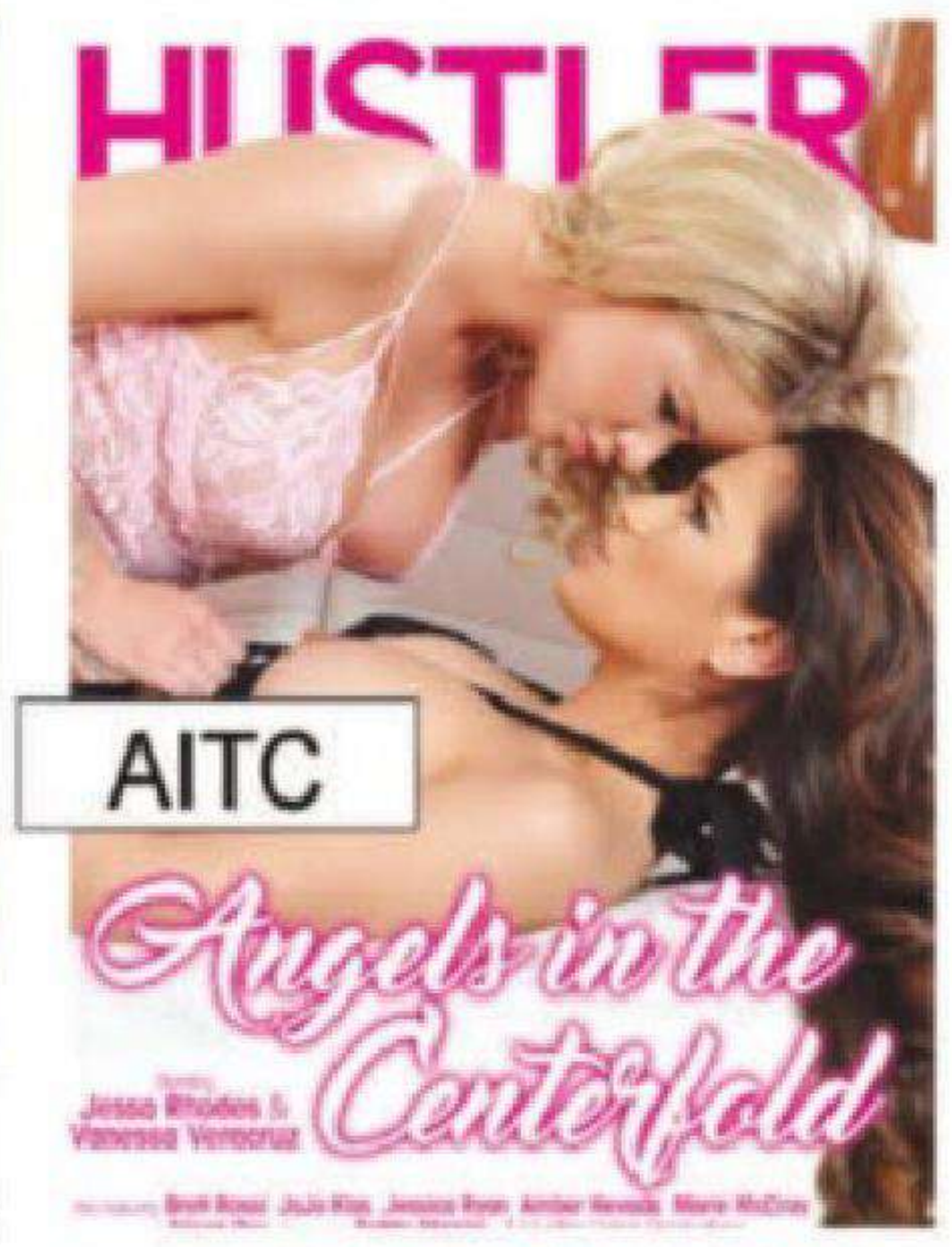
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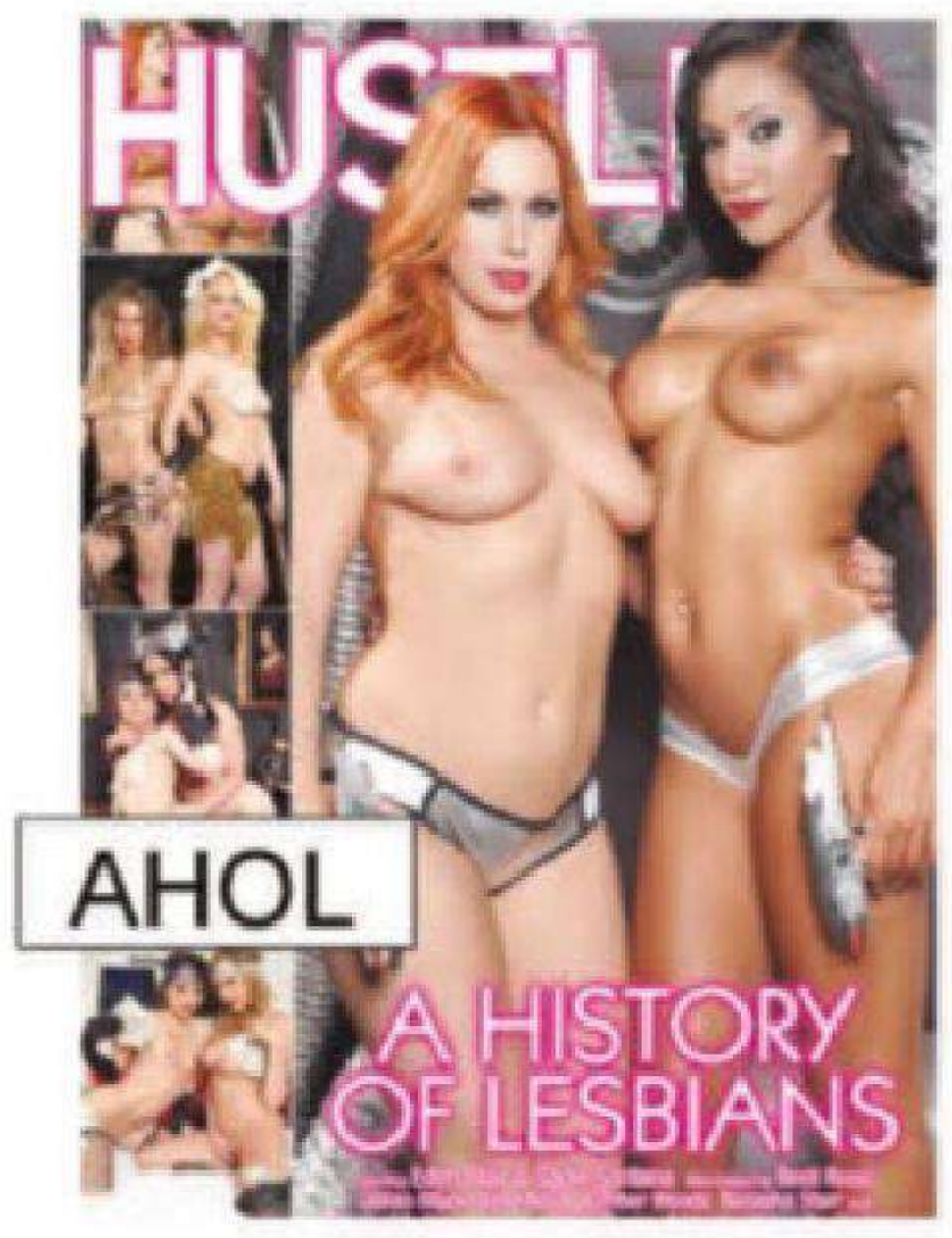
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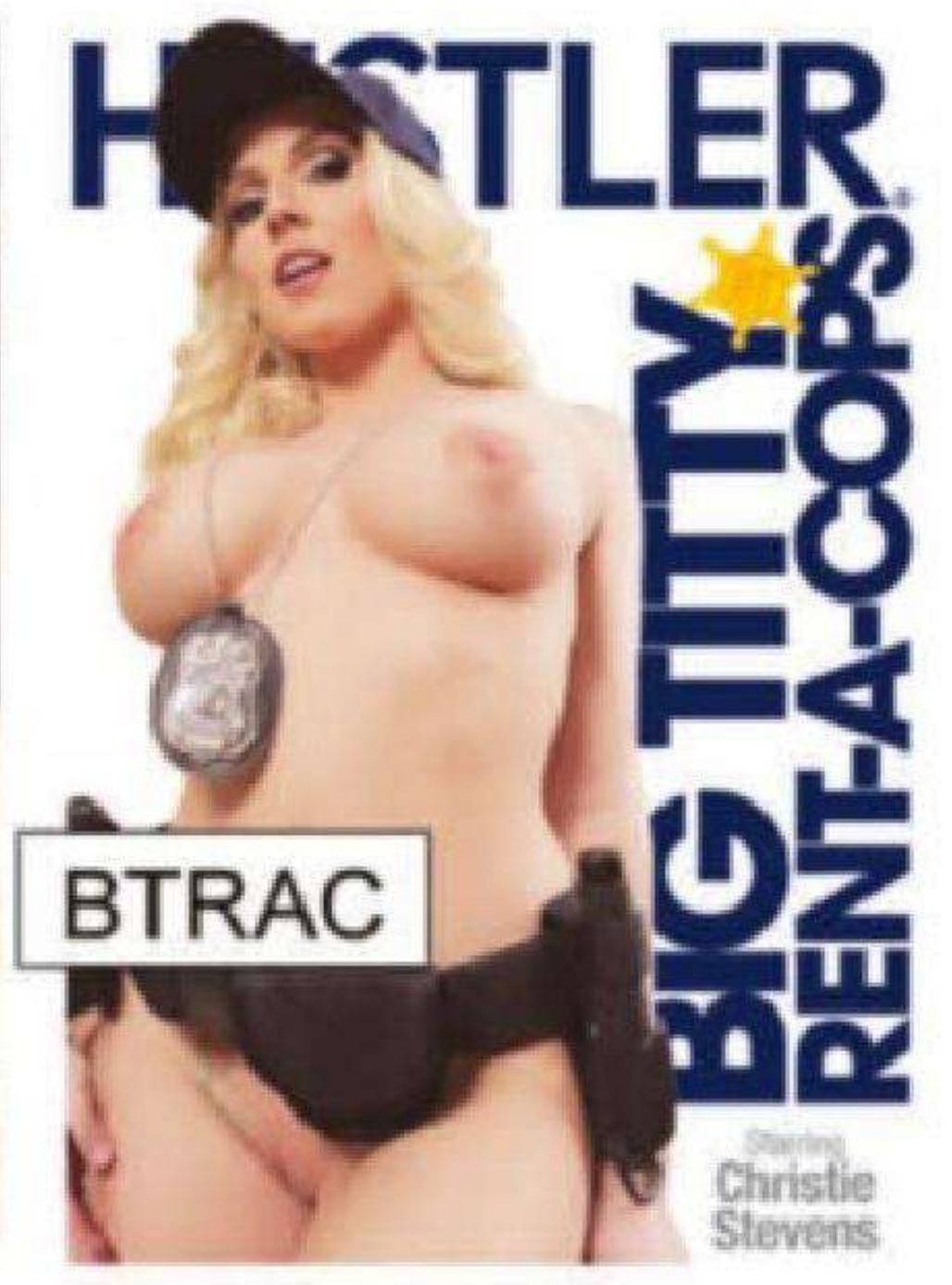
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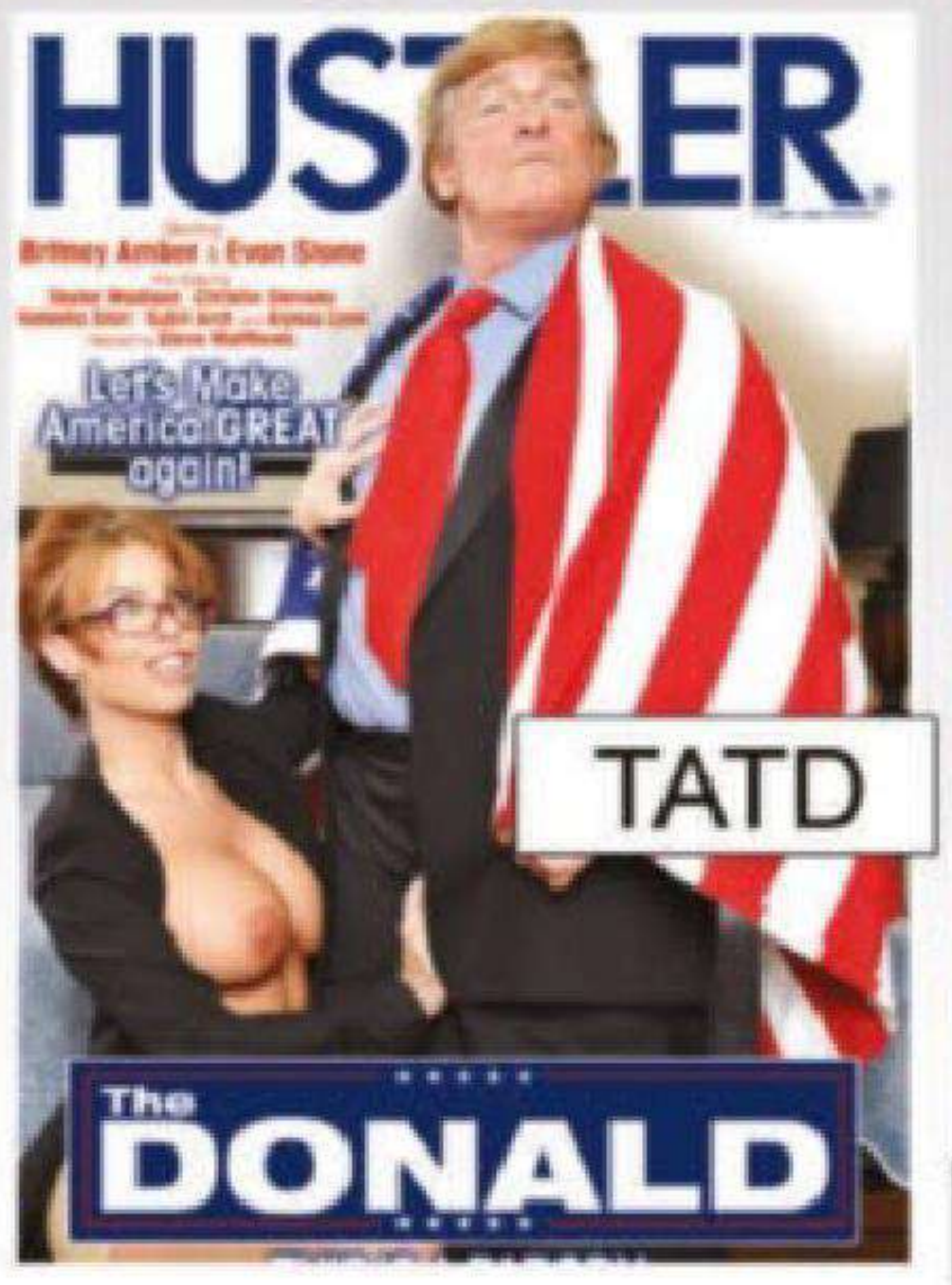
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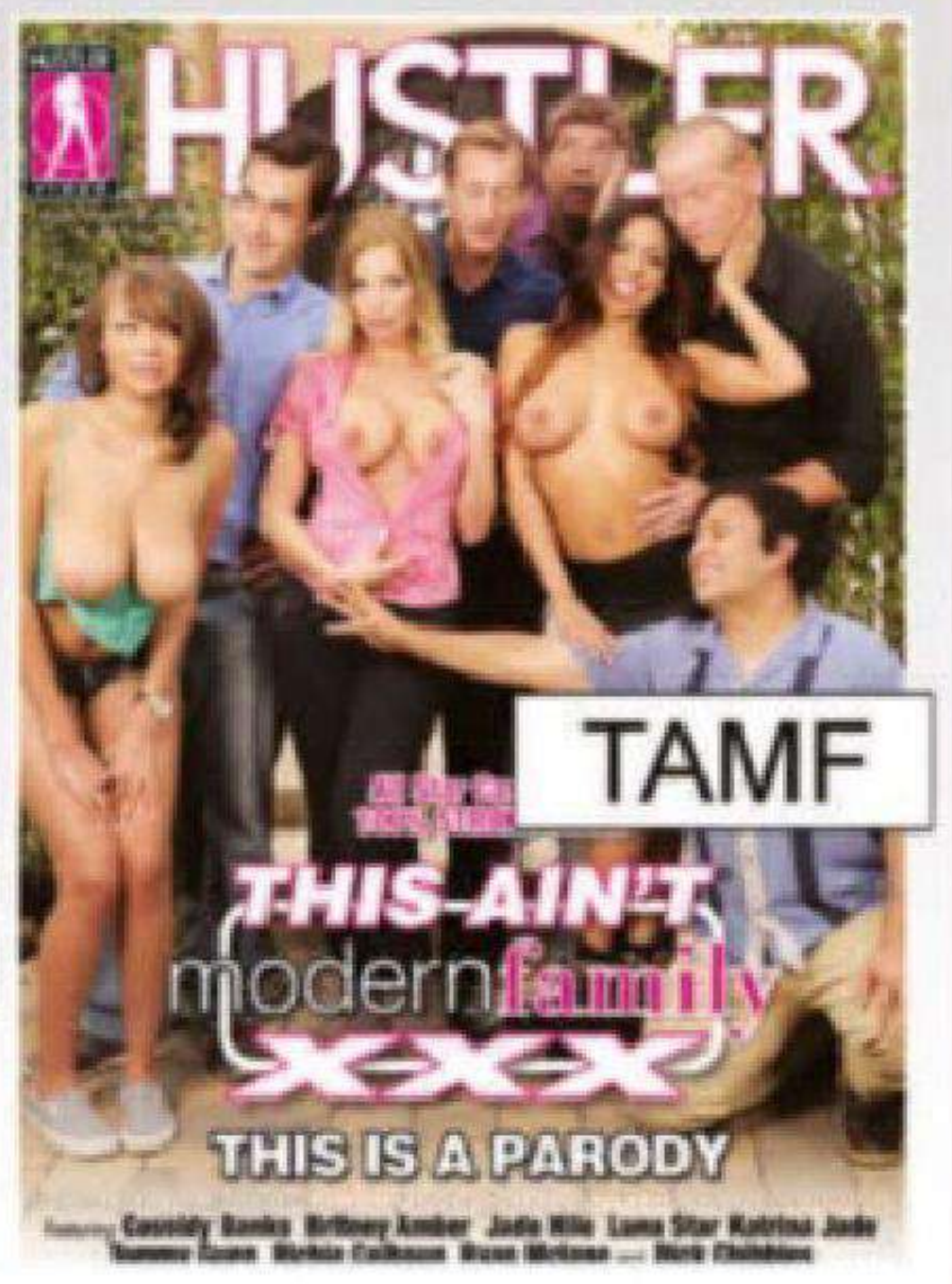
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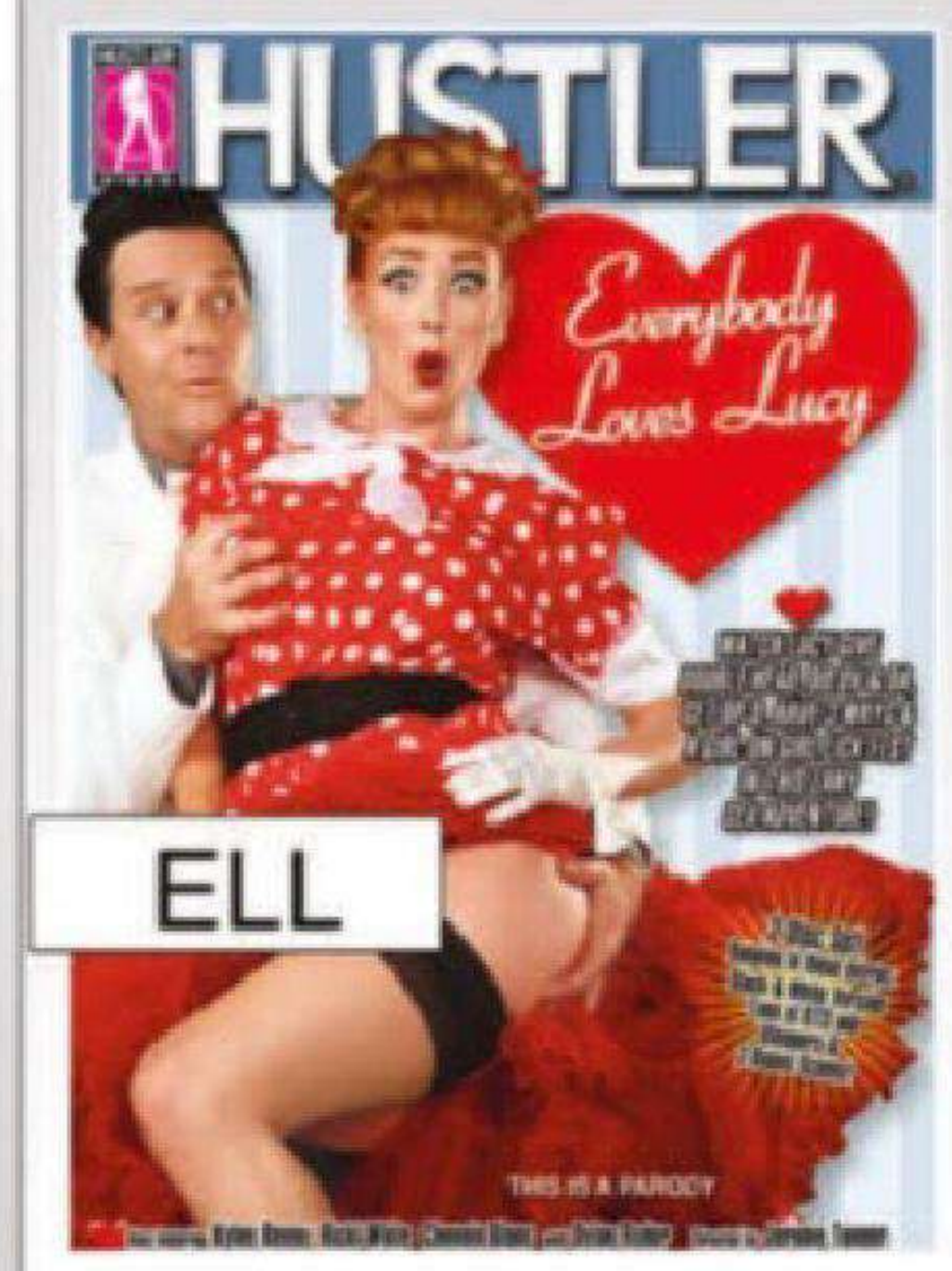
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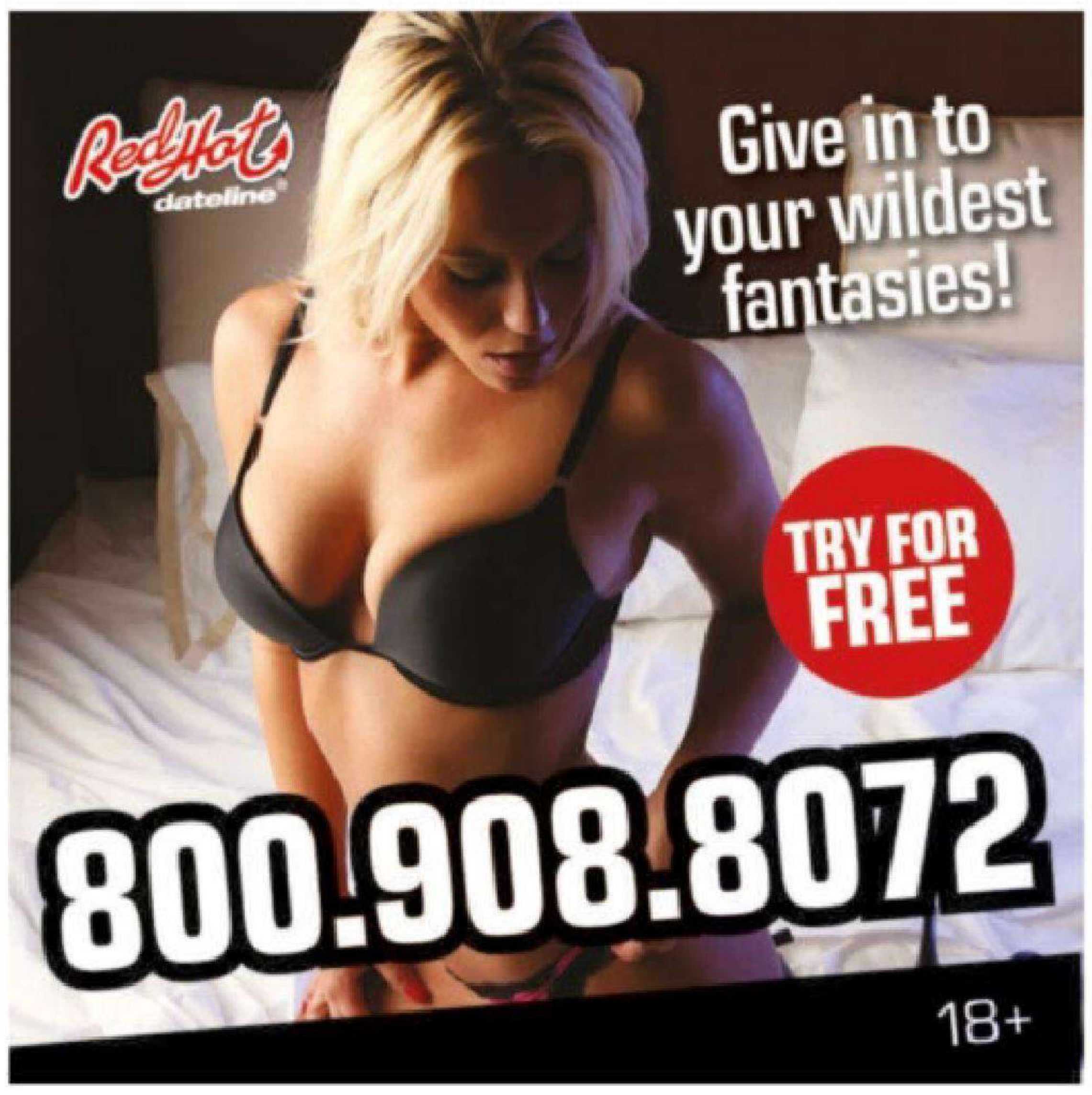
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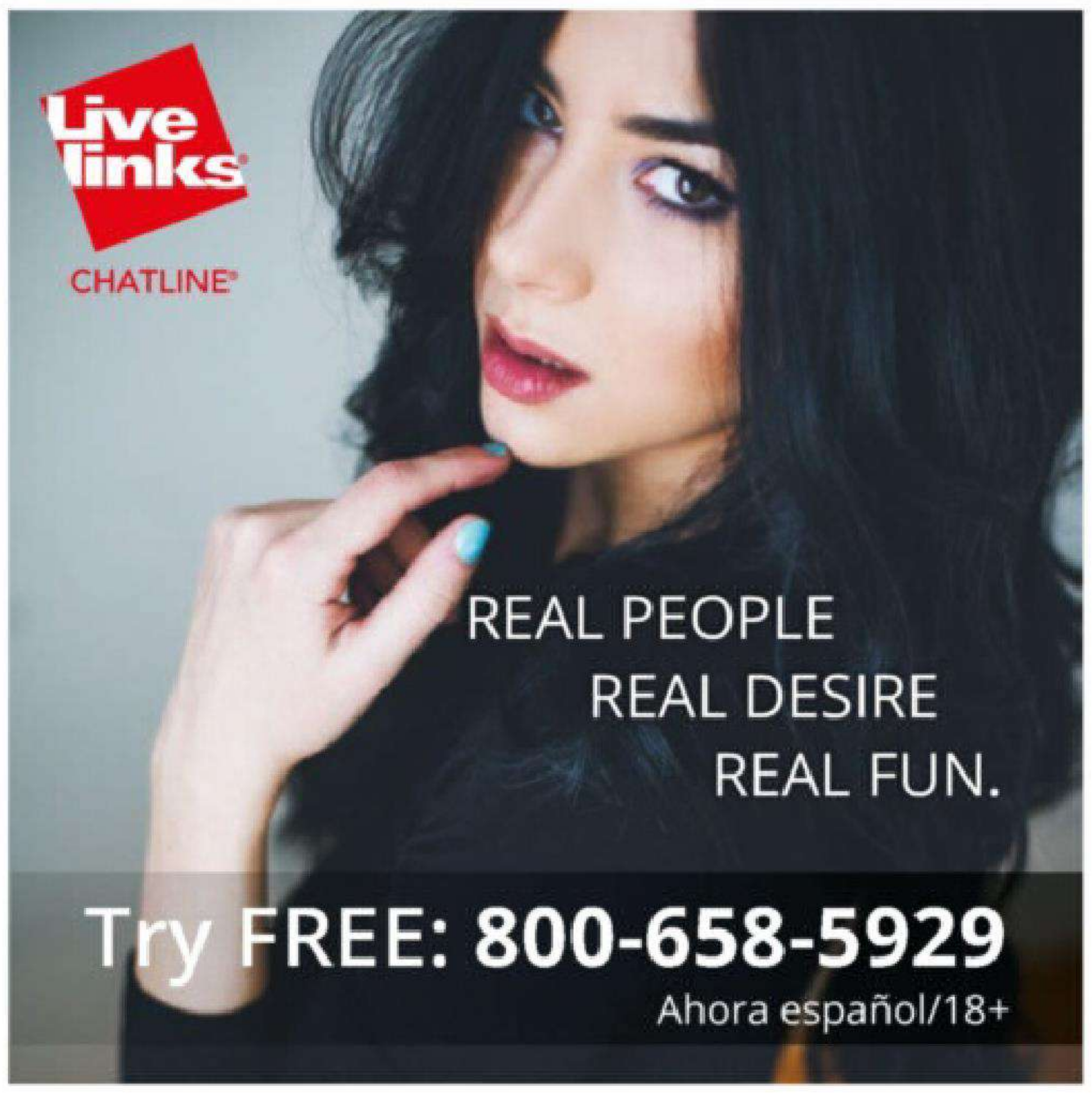

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ADULTS ONLY
All girls are 18+
$1.98 - $3.98 per min plus small $2.98 connect fee / credit card, Check by Phone

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LIVE ONE-ON-ONE
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86 94673
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Will pull up their dresses, pull down their panties, fuck suck and cum just for you!! They'll do other things too if you tell us what you like. I can't mention ages in this ad, but our home videos and pictures are better than the commercial stuff. (postage $3)
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WHOLESALE JOBBERS - Dept. H97 Box 4796, Westlake Village, CA 91359

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89¢ per min.
LIVE 1-ON-1
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3 8 2 5
www.89centgirls.com
+ a $3.89 connect fee. Credit card, Check by Phone. Adults 18+ only

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LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
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*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card/adults 18+ only

ALWAYS LIVE & ALWAYS HORNY!
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BL1116	_____	x $12.00 = $_______
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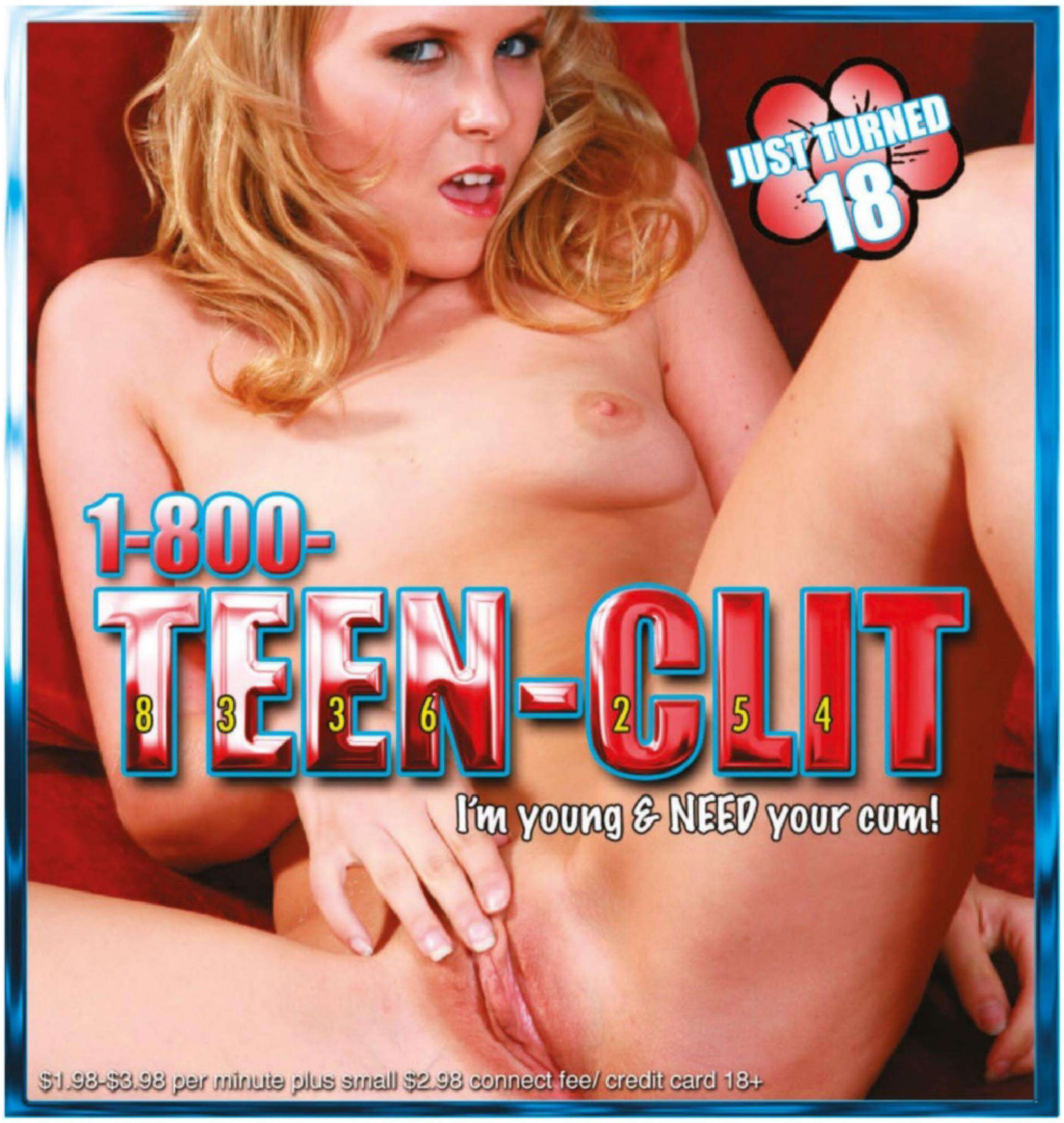
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8 3 3 6 2 5 4
I'm young & NEED your cum!
$1.98-$3.98 per minute plus small $2.98 connect fee/ credit card 18+

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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN

VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE

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LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN

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ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

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☐ Spanish Fly
☐ Knockout Formula
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Little fantasies of sweet smooth pussies fucked and sucked for the first time

☐ 20 Videos $5 ☐ 50 Videos $10
☐ 150 Videos $20 ☐ 250 Videos $25
☐ MAGAZINES & CATALOG $6

Postage $4 • 24 Hour Service add $1

NORDIC INTERNATIONAL - Dept. H97
Box 4796, Westlake Village, CA 91359

LIVE one on one

I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!*

ONLY 89¢ PER MIN

1-800-TO-WHORE

8 6 9 4 6 7 3

*At least 18 yrs of age. Credit card / adults 18+ only

BRITT

GARAGE GIRL

HUSTLER CLASSIC
FEBRUARY 1976

Women's liberation is nothing new to me," says **Britt**, a 20-year-old auto mechanic from London, England. "I grew up around a garage, and I'm proud to say that I've always held down a 'man-sized' job.

"Father owned a filling station when I was little, and whenever business was extra heavy, I was expected to pitch right in and lend a hand. I did my first tune-up when I was nine, and by the time I was 13, I could tear down, grind the valves and crankshaft, and re-assemble our English Ford in less than five hours.

"Then, one night while I was alone, bending over the bonnet of my Triumph, I happened to rub up against the hard fender while the motor was racing. The throbbing vibrations made my pussy tingle. I pressed harder against the curve of the quivering fender and began gently tugging at the throttle. The car pulsated and pounded beneath me, and suddenly I felt a sharp pain and then the smooth, rapturous delight of my very first climax. Since then I've spent many nights getting good mileage out of the firm leather cushions of my warm little stick shift.

"Years later, after Father died, I inherited the garage, and I know I'll never regret it. Why, I wouldn't change lifestyles for all the oil in Saudi Arabia."

SOON

THE OCTOBER ISSUE GOES ON SALE AUGUST 1, 2017 | VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

DALY DOSE

Actor, comedian and comedy sketch master Jon Daly (*Kroll Show, Comedy Bang! Bang!*) sits down for an interview with Lee Keeler to talk fighting off girls with Fabio, crying on *Howard Stern* and starring in Showtime's new comic hit *I'm Dying Up Here*.

THE ROBOT REVOLUTION

Robots are killing our livelihoods—massacring them, in fact, in every conceivable field. HUSTLER reporter Travis Kelly investigates the growing presence of A.I. and cheap robot labor in the American economy and what it means for our future. Utopia or hell?

CRAZY FUCKING BITCHES

Sex swings! Bondage! And fucking with your shoes on. No one sucks dick like a crazy bitch does, so sit back, shut up and enjoy the ride. Watch wild, surly chicks get strapped into straitjackets, then licked and dicked until they explode.

LANA RHOADES

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BLOW THAT HOT, STICKY LOAD ALL OVER MY FACE... PRETTY PLZ?
LOOKING FOR A CHEAP, HARD FUCK?
1-800-800 FUCK
3 8 2 5
COCK-HUNGRY COUGARS!
1-888 909 MILF
6 4 5 3
HORNY HOUSEWIVES READY 2 FUCK!
HD VOICE
1-800 WET-WIFE
9 3 8 9 4 3 3

C'mon, sexy baby... Gimme that HARD COCK! My hubby doesn't please me anymore and I need to CUM! Plz unzip those jeans and CALL NOW! I'll beg you for it!

ADULTS 18+ ONLY. Most major credit cards accepted & check by phone. $1.99 to $5.99 /min. Premium & access fees may apply. A090H

I looked down at her soft flowing hair as she began my healing. She glided me past her soft lips into her warm wet mouth which sent tingling sparks to my brain.

★★★★★

I made my way down kissing her neck, erect nipples, belly and then to her feminine flower that was already dripping wet and hot.

★★★

Clean, smooth, tasty with perfect small delicate petals. My favorite kind of flower to dine on. And I did and loved it.

She is the girl that in high school everybody wanted and only the star quarterback got.

★★★★☆

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